

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1911

No. 1

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
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In the Senior Manual for 1911-12, it was thought best at the last moment to provide only ten lessons.

The Stake Superintendents are therefore directed by the General Superintendency and Board to use their own initiative to provide suitable exercises in the senior classes to take the place of the five lessons left out.

It is suggested that the Stake Boards take this matter up and arrange a general program of exercises for the wards of their respective stakes.

Reports on the success of this movement may be called for at the close of the season showing the class of work that the organizations have provided for the special lessons.

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IMPROVEMENT ERA

Elder Cornelius Van der Does, Jr., writing from Grand Rapids, Michigan, says: "I earnestly thank you for sending the ERA to the elders. It contains many valuable articles especially interesting to the elders, besides many good words of counsel and advice from the authorities of the Church. You have certainly converted me to the Era and I must take it when I return home."

Manuals, either Senior and Junior, for the Y. M. M. I. A. classes, and for home reading, sent to any address for 25 cents. The Senior manual treats on Agriculture and Public Finance, and the Junior has a hundred stories on character-building and success. Either one free with one year's subscription to the Era for \$2. Subscribe now and keep up with the new serial story, "The Open Road."

The Priesthood Course of Study will be ready for distribution early in December. All orders for the course sent to the Improvement Era will have prompt attention. The Priesthood Quorums' Committee decided that the Quorums should begin the new study January 1, but the distribution of the manuals will be made in early December, so as to get the books to all the quorums in time for the first meeting in January, 1912. Send all orders to the Improvement Era, 20-22 Bishops' Building, Salt Lake City.

To Stake Superintendents: Please check up your ward presidents and learn if they have distributed the Senior and Junior manuals to members of their associations, also learn if the canvass has been made for subscribers for the ERA. Remember a stake superintendent's duty is to instruct, direct, and correct and to check up his local officers to learn results. Have you remembered that the first week in December is General Fund week? There should be a hearty response in your stake to this requirement to pay 25c for the fund, by each member.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, NOVEMBER, 1911.

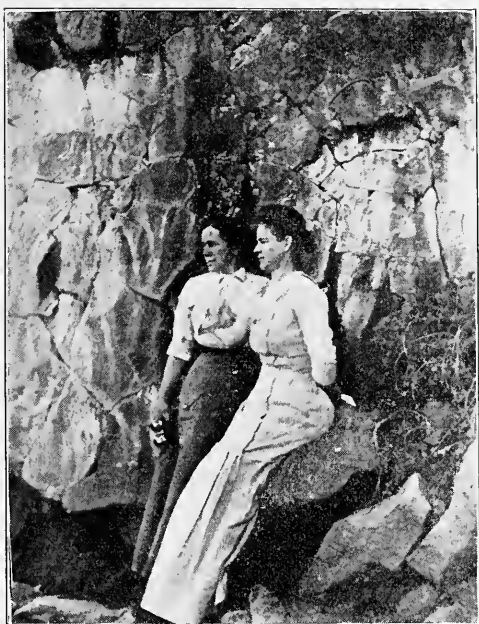
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UNDER THE WALLS OF SHOSHONE.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV.

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No. 1

A Visit to the Shoshone Falls.

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

"Of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak."—*Shakespeare*.

"The incessant roar of head-long tumbling floods."—*Burns*.

At the close of one August day, I stood on the bank of the Shoshone River. Under the saffron sky of the desert twilight, the scene before me was strangely impressive. The mellow-tinted waters of the deep, wide stream were seen vanishing into the murky distance. Along the river's edge were rounded tufts of willows, gently swayed by the evening wind, and here and there, huge pier-shaped masses of lava projected into the water against which the river-eddies swashed with a heavy sound. A chain of high hills, but low with distance, with one conical peak prominent above the rest, closed in the extended scene, and over the peak two blazing sparks of light gave grandeur to the sky, the golden orb of imperial Jupiter and that of white shining Venus, whilst lower down, bronze through the river mist, and so dim and small as almost to elude the sight, was the twinkle of sly-watching, thievish Mercury.

I was on my way to visit the great Shoshone Falls. I had before seen other portions of the river. I had looked upon "The Snake" from where the river began at the foot of the Tyghee Pass and a bold spur of the Rockies, in the waters of Henry Lake, until it emptied into the greater Columbia. Now I was to complete my knowledge of the stream by seeing where it passed through the

Great Basaltic Gorge and where it formed that wonderful piece of scenery, the famed Shoshone Falls.

Water is the soul of a landscape. It is the element that makes us never tire of the scenes enriched with its presence. It is the same whether it be gliding stilly in a shady woodland stream, voicing its passion in some steep, wild torrent, or at peaceful rest in some mountain-locked lake. I well remember a favorite pastime of my boyhood days—a pastime tinged with something akin to the explorer's zeal—when I loved to wander along by the side of our village water-course and to see in the rocks and bushes along its edge the scenery of some mighty river; to imagine its verdant thickets the solitude of a primeval forest; to see in the quiet slipping of the water between banks of a few feet in height, the passage of the river through rugged hills; and, in the pleasing delusions of a day dream, to convert the gentle dimples and the miniature cascades, as they played among the mossy stones at the dipping-place, into impetuous rapids and white, tumbling falls. No wonder, then, with such predilections, that I should now feel more than an ordinary pleasure in a pilgrimage to the Shoshone Falls where, in truth, one could see a powerful stream winding its way through strange and lonesome wastes, and listen to its angry voice as it swept onward over rapid and fall, deep in the confines of a bleak and craggy gorge.

In my early diary I find these pages written near the sources of the Shoshone River:

Sky gray with rain soon to melt away in silver clouds, leaving the sun to blaze at noon day in cloudless azure. Snake River, hurrying along in its basaltic bed—a cyclopean aqueduct. Over low foot hills are seen the Tetons, thrusting sharp peaks to heaven.

“To climb up there—nay even your thought
itself slides off.”

Next, long rolling hills with crystal streams between, with pebbly beds, and rushy banks; Shotgun River, brightest of all. In quiet pools, groups of tall, blue cranes eye us with suspicion, or stalk slowly away. Herds of antelope flee at our approach, stop, gaze with curiosity, then bound away again. The shadows point eastward as we near the fork of the Snake River, here in its youth, no dark volcanic shore, but the water flowing past piney banks, deep in grass, intensely green, and leaping trout the only thing to break its sliding mirror. Then sunset through pines, the dark

trunks and foliage seen against flush of richest gold, and many voices among the boughs, bespeaking the coming of the night-wind. Camp by a hunter's cabin, a home of rough-hewn logs, with stretched skins of the antelope, the elk, and the bear.

Next morning we passed across a long stretch of plashy meadow, interspersed with pools and netted with rivulets, a haunt

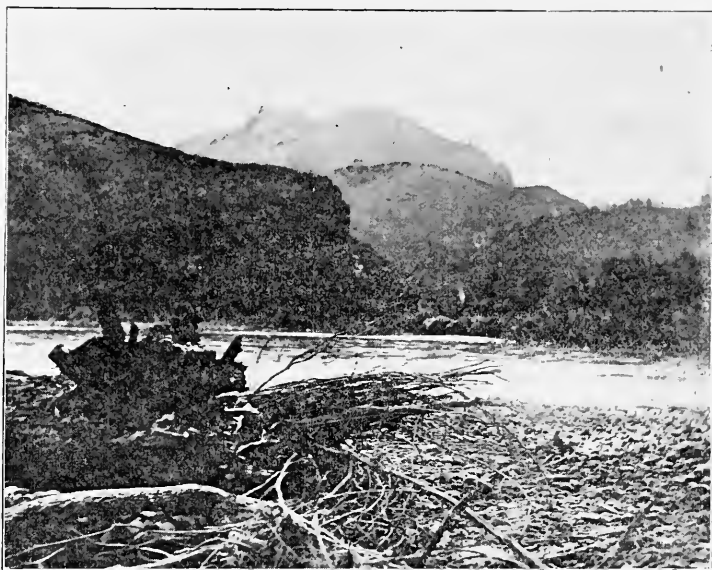


PHOTO BY JOSEPH SHANKS

BLACK'S CANYON, SHOSHONE RIVER.

for all the birds who love the shallow stream or grassy plain. Then the foot of the wooded Tyghee Pass, and, as we rise, to the north and northwest, the shining waters of Henry Lake. Higher yet, and at our left, a mammoth terraced peak, lording it over a narrow glen. At the summit of the pass, mighty hemlocks and groves of cloud-like, trembling aspens. Under their shadows springs trickle forth amid mosses and ferns, the waters beginning a long journey toward the setting sun. Westward, far away, the sun-lit curves of the Shoshone River.

Let me contrast these two diary entries, made twenty years ago, with others made during August of the present year:

What a struggle is life! I was astonished on seeing the mountain homes, those fields of grain. Never did I see a harder battle,

one fought at odds, between the will of man and the forces of nature. Bitter is the fight where those sheaves of golden grain are gathered in those lonely spots by the river edge, or upon the lava walls. What strange sights where the Shoshone first cuts its tortuous way through the black hills to curve and twist across the great plain or valley that bears its name. Dry-farming, the words will now have in the future, for me, a different meaning. At Black's Canon, at Table Rock, at the Giant's Stairs, the squares of ripening wheat could be seen in seemingly impossible places. What toil to bring about the small result! What facing of arduous days and lonely nights, in the little hovels, that scant supply of food might be won from the high placed soil! I had seen the broad farms in the valley, but these beginnings, this struggle of poverty to wrest a sustenance from the earth—there was something about it distressing, pathetic.

What a splendid view! How immense from the Canon mouth appears the Valley of the Snake! Far away, there, by the Big and Little Buttes, the forks of Shoshone meet. By those distant mountains the mingled waters then take their course. Around the valley are a thousand heights! Great hills are at one's back, upon the lower slopes of which we stand. Westward the Sawtooth Range, south, a suggestion of the gates and walls of Port Neuf, and in the north, the jagged peaks of the mighty Rockies. And all this once wild plain, coming under the dominion, yielding up its desert dreariness, unto fields and orchards and villages under the labor of man.

Blackfoot, Shoshone, Bannock—once the tribes roamed here. The nomadic Indian, upon the war-path, has followed that way where we see the white puffs of steam, the wigwam has been under those trees of "The Ranch," the pony has grazed where are the fields and canals, the war-song and the war-dance have been where we see those figures busy around the modern thresher. Washakie, Chief of Chiefs, may have held council with his allies in yonder grove, or the cruel Walker have brought there his painted bands. Little of that, now, thinks the busy farmer. His thoughts are other where.

Beyond the dark green of the Cedar Swales, I see the white belfry, the walls of the meeting house. Ah! there is the source of all change.

The great Snake River—The Shoshone—Valley appears to be

underlaid in many places, overflowed, rather, with lava. The basalt shows wherever the stream has cut its bed or found a gorge. Conical hills, pits, the craters of extinct volcanoes, are on every side. The lava flow has been immense. Tier above tier, flow above flow, we see what the volcanic activity was in the years gone by. The richness of the soil in the regions of old volcanoes is



PHOTO BY JOSEPH SHANKS

WHERE THE RIVER ENTERS THE VALLEY

proverbial. The Snake River Valley will yet be the home of even greater agricultural wealth than now.

After these digressions we will again return to an old diary and pursue our way toward the great Shoshone Falls, following the south bank of the river, and, of course, several miles to the southward of where the railroad now traverses the great plain:

Our road that morning led down toward the prominent hill, whose conical top made a striking landmark across the plain. In this respect the usefulness of the latter was shared by a huge, dark cedar, standing lonely on a neighboring ridge top. At times we followed along the river bank, though at others we passed over long, rolling swells of hill, whilst the river, true to its name, swept away to the northward in many a sinuous curve. In a few hours we joined the old Oregon Emigrant road, whose deeply worn ruts now serve as ditches to drain the surrounding country during the

rainy and thawing seasons. We passed a couple of old cabins, tenantless and crumbling to pieces, and these, again, brought out our Jehu's powers of narration. I shall long remember one of the thrilling stories that he told. It was a party of emigrants, surprised by the Indians while encamped in a rocky hollow. One side of this hollow opened on the river side, and when, after a stubborn defense, the party felt that their end was approaching, one of their number wrote an account of their tragic fate, sealed the manuscript in a bottle, and cast it into the river. Many, many years afterward it was found. The river, which must then have been in flood, had cast it high upon a bank, and once the bottle opened, the yellow, old manuscript delivered its mournful tale.

We made our first halt at noon time, of course, by the side of a dry torrent bed—the channel of one of those impetuous streams that live their fierce life in the stormy months, to fail in the summer heats. A spring, however, seeped at the foot of a crumbling bank, with just water enough to form a clear, shallow pool, ere it was drunk up again among the dry, hot sand and pebbles. Here, in the shade of hawthorne clumps, our lunch of cold meats, aided by a pot of fragrant tea, was dispatched with a relish not often enjoyed.

Our journey resumed, in a couple of hours, we again neared the river, this time where it enters between the high walls of its basaltic canon. Anywhere along the edge of this deep gorge the scene is as bleak, forbidding, and as savagely desolate, as the most misanthropic mind could desire to see. From the spot where we first looked down, was a typical view of it all. On either hand was a long perspective of vast, rocky walls, flat-topped and sable, and over their rim was the desert plain, where the heat haze, lying in the straw-colored swails, trembled and winked like distant lakes of water. Away to the north, vaporously remote, a chain of mountains formed a saw-tooth edge along the horizon.

Looking upon the scene, how I longed for the power to describe it. Placed in a crevice close to our feet, and piled around with stones, was a tall, slender rod, with a bit of bright-colored rag fluttering atop. This is here known technically as a guide, and marks the head of some hazardous trail. In the past had we searched with a field-glass along the river edge, among the boulders and along the sand-bars, we might have descried the human inhabitants of the inhospitable place—toiling, enduring all for the sake of the precious dust. Descending from where we stood, the

sides of the canon formed two great terraces and slopes—a sweeping semicircle, duplicated on the opposite side. On one of the upper slopes was a huge block of basalt, surely weighing not less than a thousand tons, the space it had once occupied showing as a room-like opening in the wall above.

But it was the river itself that was the wonder of the scene.

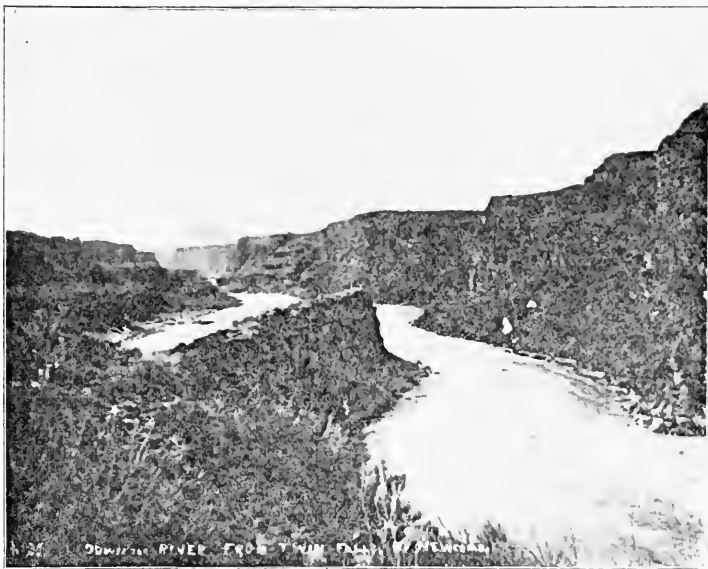


PHOTO BY NEWCOMB

IN THE BASALTIC GORGE, SHOSHONE, ON SNAKE RIVER

Through the vast amphitheatre, just described, it flowed in a still deeper and narrow bed. As it entered the amphitheatre from between the walls to the east, it needed but the slightest effort of the imagination to change the dull-green water, spotted and barred as it was with foam, into the gliding back of a monster python. Toward the west it was closed in again between two perpendicular heights, one wearisome to the eye with endless repetitions of masonry-like forms, and the other mantled in an azure shadow. Through this opening the sun, now hung low in the heavens, darted his yellow light, and every whirling rapid of the stream, chafing between its narrow confines, flashed back again the burning rays. So this Fafnir of rivers rolled on before us, mile after mile

to the west, but changed from its earthy hues into dazzling tints of molten metal.

By sunset of the same day we arrived at the head of a ravine which commanded a view of the Lesser, or as some people choose to call them, the Twin, Falls. As I do not wish to weary the reader with descriptions of falling water, I shall dismiss these falls with a few words. The latter title is far more preferable for them; not only is it appropriate, but it does not deter from the grandeur of the scene by suggesting the nearness of one still more so. The river is divided by a bastion of rock crested with stunted cedars, and the velocity with which the water shoots past this obstruction forbids the thought that human foot has yet trod its summit. As we toiled back up the ravine, a solemn hallway I should call it, we were startled when near the top by the sound of that sharp, dry rattle that tells so clearly the presence of a dangerous foe. Beyond this there was nothing to annoy us. Never did I spend a more perfect night of rest than on the edge of that deep-sunk river. In the coolness that followed the set of sun, there was absolute peace and quiet—a quiet unbroken by even the trill of a cricket. Nay, one sound there was, but so faint and hollow that it aided rather than broke the silence, and yet it made our pulses beat more quickly and the blood tingle in our cheeks, for what could it be but the distant voice of the great falls!

I must confess to a feeling of strong disappointment when, on the fourth day after we had quitted the ferry, we stood on a lofty ridge commanding a general view of Shoshone Falls. Being seen from such a height puts them to a test that would try even the vast bulk of Niagara. There was something detrimental, too, in the time of day, for a first sight. The noon-day light diffused all over the scene, made the poverty of color in the surroundings most painfully apparent; every bit of detail stared out, to the utter destruction of all sense of space. The height of the lava wall, whose base is laved by the waters, and whose top towers so far above the lip of the falls, makes it all but impossible to form a just estimate of the height of the falls themselves. By comparison only can we judge of size, and there seemed at first no object by which we could gauge them. When I obtained a key to the colossal scale of objects in that colorless chasm, then I began to appreciate their height and size. With closer acquaintance I was led, first to admire, then almost to revere.



GENERAL VIEW OF SHOSHONE FALLS, FROM THE BLUFF

There is no need to mar whatever I may be able to say in praise of this majestic fall of water, by a recital of our climbings from point to point, or to tell the incidents around, or for how many days the smoke arose from our camp fire on the ridge. It would be my pride could I but recall in this description something of the spell that grew upon me day by day; but Nature, always a



SHOSHONE FROM THE NORTHERN BANK.

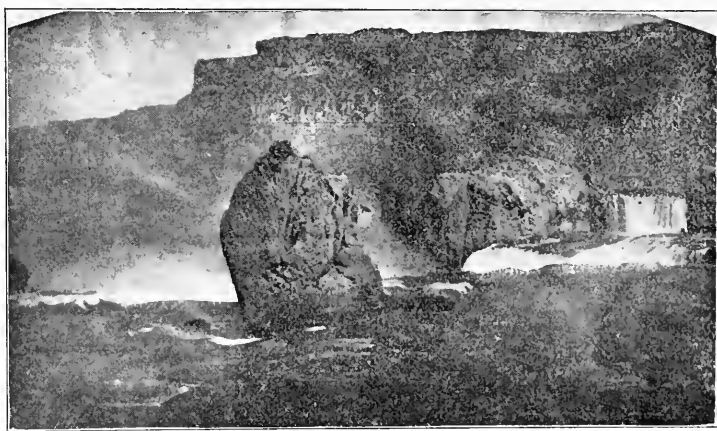
master hand in the ease and grace of her accomplished work, puts to shame a feeble and halting attempt to reproduce her impressions. I am glad to have seen the Shoshone Falls before the changes in their surroundings, sure to come with the flood of visitors; before the introduction has taken place, of objects at variance with their severe and simple grandeur.

Winding down from the ridge, a precipitous little footpath leads to an alcove, a narrow strip of sand placed midway between the feet of the lesser falls above the main fall, and the giant's final leap. This sandy bar resembles a bit of rocky sea-coast. The porphyry cliffs, on either hand, are worn into cave-like openings into which the water fiercely beats during the freshets of spring and early summer. How vast the volume of water which burst over these stupendous ledges must be at that particular time of the year, can be imagined from the fact that the river rises nine feet above its general level, and that the roar of the tortured waters may be heard at a distance of many miles.

From the first peep of sun above the level wall-tops to the

east, to its sinking behind the western hills, a vivid, double rainbow plays and trembles on the rising mists. Under its morning arch may be seen a view of the several rocky islands, the canon below the falls, and a gleam of the fallen river. As the sun climbs toward the zenith so the bow, gradually sinking in proportion, touches in succession, with iridescence, the russet foliage of the topmost cedars, the clay-gray rocks of the islands, first the top and then their base, and at last, quivering along the verge of the falls, turns the leaping wave-crest into tongues of up-lapping fire.

Above the falls, set like a guardian keep, is a square-shaped mountain of lava; at its feet the river pauses calm and deep. We crossed and re-crossed the stream there in a little skiff. The danger, which is considerable, is not sensed at first, and, indeed, there is no need for uneasiness where caution is used. Our boatman was both cool and cautious, shunning the slightest chance of accident, and measuring every stroke. He pulled well up stream and dropped down again on the opposite side into the shelter of a protruding bank. Only the tops of the islands are visible thus



THE EAGLE NEST ROCK, EDGE OF SHOSHONE.

from mid-stream, with a wreath or two of mist rising from behind them. But the gathering strength of the current as it nears the edge and then vanishes into the deep and awful void beyond, warns how utterly past control of man would be the boat once carried within its reach.

A complete transformation takes place in the appearance of

the falls and their surroundings when viewed from the northern side. A worn and ragged look characterizes most of the scenes. The islands seem lower and are eaten into cavities, and crouch over the falls' brink in grotesque forms. But the rush of the water is superbly grand. Some of the lesser falls are here brought nearer to us, and such is their individual beauty, that, set apart by them-



ABOVE SHOSHONE FALLS.

selves, either one would receive unstinted admiration. One in particular is exquisite with forms of delicately molded water. Filmy threads of gossamer lightness speed down its dark rock where, intersecting, they break into crumpled foam, and then, sweeping over a trailing curve, fall in clouds of softest tulle. Yet even this bit of by-play in the water seems here out of place. To me it seems contrary to the genius of the scene, in opposition to its stern sublimity. For a similar reason I do not repent my failure to visit several minor attractions of a fanciful nature, though in this I may be the loser, for often those delicate trimmings enhance the grandeur of noble objects, as do those parasite plants which sometimes grow and bear their tiny blossoms in the bark-crevices of centennial oaks.

There is one view of the place, however, surpassing all others in its extent and interest—at once the most bold and comprehensive. Until I had looked upon it I had been a stranger to the full grandeur of the Shoshone Falls. This view is from a rounded knoll to the southwest. There is an open space on the summit of the

knoll, save for a few trim junipers, with their blue-firred berries, standing stiffly here and there among the dry bunch-grass, and over a fore-ground of rocks and cedars you can look full into the mad face of the mighty torrent as it comes pouring over the ledges in wondrous forms of beauty and terror. There you can see the water beating itself into foam-dust adown the shelves; falling clear from top to base in arrowy points; flinging out sudden jets, and in gushes breaking over obstructing rocks; whilst in frenzied paleness the greater masses rush down with stern and awful roar. There you can see the group of rocky islands above the great fall, the lesser falls between, and the river's treacherous sleep in the shadow of the black keep. Far below your feet the waters in the basin surge to and fro. There Iris weaves bright here seven-



SHOSHONE RIVER BELOW THE GREAT FALLS

tinted bow, standing where the tumult is wildest, and the shattered foam leaps through the cloud of spray in showers of snow-white rockets.

This knoll became my favorite haunt—the end of each day's stroll. I spent my parting hour there, when the sun had lost its fierceness and ere long would sink from sight behind the flat-topped

bluffs. The buzzards, that all day long had perched upon the columnar piles of rocks, had wheeled their flight overhead in ever-widening circles, or, with wings aslant, drifted up past the face of the falls, were then betaking themselves to rest, settling in a dusky cloud upon the withered branches of a gnarled old cedar.

Another moment and the sun would set. The cedars threw fantastic images along the ground; the cliffs above were purple-barred with shadows. It was time to go. Why wait to see that cold-gray pallor rising from amid the foam, and quenching, inch by inch, the rosy light! It was too awful—too like the pallor that creeps across the face of the dying. Better that vision of the impetuous waters, when all suffused with glowing light, they poured over the brink, as though changed to precious wine, and when even the walls of blackened stone above grew red, as if the old volcanic fire began to burn once more in every pore. So will I remember the waters ever falling, glorious with light, ere night approaching, with cold, invisible hand, drew thick and close the folds of misty curtain.

Our last camp-fire had sunk to a few smoldering embers. Silence rested upon the desert, save for the sounds coming out of



PHOTO BY SHANKS

LOOKING INTO THE GORGE

that darkening chasm, which in vain the eye tried to pierce, or to define the misty wavings in its depths, as of dim white robes. Lifted on the wind, coming from the far-off sea, the voice of the falls grew louder in the quiet night. Under its spell, solemn yet soothing, my thoughts sped forth, lifted to still greater seas—the seas of space—where the planets roll in their never-ceasing rounds. Calmly from the blue vault the stars looked down at the mighty chasm, as they looked when its line was first traced; and through the unnumbered years, while it grew deep and deeper still, as they may look upon it, in ages yet to come, when that solemn vision of the poet shall be realized—when all life shall have passed from this globe, and the course of the human race shall have been run.

The Open Road.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY
SAINTS UNIVERSITY.

Part 1.—Being a Few of Brocketts' Early Adventures with Some Account of Him.

ADVENTURE II.—IN WHICH A WOMAN WITH AN EAGLE EYE APPEARS, AND THE OBLONG HOUSE ON THE HILL

Standing there in the shadow of that ivy-cluster, young Brocketts had leisure to take up reminiscently the thread of his strange life, and to follow it back. That was not a difficult task, for somewhere about the fifth year on the other end, the thread broke off abruptly. For the other nine years, only here and there was a knot to mark some signal event, and on each his fingers paused for a moment.

As for that dark space where the thread began, he could find nothing definite to contemplate. To be sure, certain faint glimmerings, as of a pre-existent state, lingered obscurely in his mind, but he could not make sure that they were not imaginings. All he knew positively was, that there must be a bit of thread somewhere in that darkness, because here in his hand was a longer bit with evidence of the break. But he could not find it, groped he never so carefully.

At the very end of the thread—that other end—was a hard knot, representing most likely some important event. But the knot must have been tied at the orphanage. It was at the orphanage that he first found himself. How he came to be there, he was wholly at a loss to understand. He did not even know whether his home—if he had ever had any—was at Vinningen or in some other part of the vast German Empire. His name, he knew, was Brocketts. Anyhow, that was what the boys termed him, and he

preferred Brocketts for the sole reason that the Sisters called him Louis. What his last name was he did not know, for there never had been occasion for the use of the surname at the orphanage, and he and the Sisters had not been on sufficiently intimate terms to warrant his asking them about it, or their volunteering the information.

But there was the knot, all the same. It must have stood for a vision of a boy in soldier's light-blue uniform, with gold stripes down the outside of the legs, beautiful gold-tasseled epaulets on the shoulders, and the most wonderful shiny sword dangling at his side—scabbard, beaded handle, and all—a vision he had beheld, it might be, when he first came to the oblong House. Afterwards, at school, he found himself in the same seat with this soldier-boy, and on the side, too, where hung the sword, which he actually touched with his hands. Ben was his name—Ben what? Brocketts never had learned. And a good fellow he proved, too. Not an orphan, but the son of an officer in the German army who lived a Vinningen and who, like some other boys in the village, was sent to school at the orphanage because it was supposed to be better than the public school. That sword and that cap, and a pair of glorious red-topped boots he wore, were the envy of all the orphanage, and any boy there would gladly have emptied every omnibus pocket he had and thrown the things down at the little soldier's feet only to have had one of them on. But the little soldier was set dead against it. Only once had he yielded, and that was to Brocketts.

"I like you," he had said, "and you can wear my boots, and I'll wear your clogs."

And Brocketts had actually walked in them—mincingly, it must be confessed, for they were too small,—and for full ten minutes, two hundred and more eyes staring enviously at him all the time! That was a red-letter day in his life; that, most likely, was what the knot signified.

Somewhere near that vision came another thing that wasn't worth the least kink in the thread—something that must be let to lie between this and the next knot, smooth and unobserved. Brocketts hurried over this part or slighted it altogether. But we must not.

He was in the presence of the head nun—a woman in a white bonnet and a bib front, whose great size and mottled features

frightened him unspeakably. When she spoke, you expected the earth to tremble. She took him up stairs into a long room with a hundred little beds in it—there were just a hundred, because he counted them afterwards—ranged along the side walls, feet out. At the head of each cot was a small stand with a tin basin on it; above this hung a tiny mirror, below which on a shelf, were a comb and a brush; and by the side of these hung a towel on a roller. Once, the boys told him, there had been only four wash-bowls and four towels for all, but a plentiful crop of scabs on head and face and body induced the present sanitary method of separate articles for each one.

“You will be expected to use these,” explained the woman.

“No, mum, I won’t!” he answered mildly with an effort at conciliation.

“But you will!” she snapped, taking him violently by the ear, and not stopping to consider that he had misunderstood. He imagined that he had been conjured not to touch anything.

The gong sounded, and he was led downstairs again into another large room, with a long table running up and down the middle, and benches on both sides. The big matron with the fearsome countenance detained him near the door till all the boys had filed in by twos, the double column dividing at the table end and each boy waiting at his place for the signal to be seated. Brocketts was taken to a vacant place near the lower end, the signal was given, and they all sat noiselessly down.

But the table was empty and bare. The dishes and the food were at the head, where also were two women, hooded and bibbed. Pretty soon there entered a jolly-looking fat man, with glistening, bald pate, dressed in priestly garb and trying to look very solemn. He said grace in a loud voice, standing by the table end with both hands upraised, and then backed up to where the large nun stood, talking with her and smiling.

With that grace the food was released, as the printers say. One of the Sisters put some soup into a tin dish, and the other, adding a tin spoon, started it on its way down the line to the opposite end of the table. All this business of passing the dishes from hand to hand was not at all clear to Brocketts at first; and so when that dish came to him, he appropriated it to his own use. Instantly a score of eyes glared at him, and a wrathful whisper shot into his ear—

"Here, you chump, pass it along!"

And a hand on his left, into which the vessel should have gone, grabbed the dish, spilling some of the soup on the table.

"You clumsy yap!" exclaimed the same boy in a powerful undertone; "now Fred'll have less than his share, and'll go hungrier than ever."

Brocketts did not catch the full significance of this, at the time, but he was to learn. Meanwhile, there was no mistaking the glare of those argus eyes, nor the ominous crook of Fred's little finger. Meanwhile, too, his nearest neighbor lapped up the patch of soup greedily with his fore-finger. The soup dispatched—a poor liquid thin as water and surprisingly meagre in quantity,—some more plates containing a small dab of mixed vegetables, made the rounds and likewise disappeared the way of the soup.

Brocketts looked up expectantly—but there was no more. He had eaten his share, and was still hungry.

Breakfast and dinner were much the same, except that there was a single slice of brown bread, quite butterless, instead of the vegetables, and a thin liquid resembling coffee in the place of the soup. At recess, as the boys filed downstairs from school, a Sister stood near the landing with a basket in which were hunks of brown bread, without butter, each boy receiving a piece.

The orphans rose, at six o'clock, winter and summer, for the Sisters believed devoutly in that worm which every sane boy wishes some early bird would catch, and have done with it. Each one had to make his own bed every morning and keep his toilet articles tidy and clean.

Nine years this had gone on for Brocketts, to the best of his reckoning. Every day there had been the same monotonous round of eating, school, and work, work, school, and eating, with a rare minute for play. A change seemed only to emphasize the daily routine. But there were changes. Sometimes, instead of butterless brown bread in the basket, big red-bellied apples disported themselves. This, however, was only once a year, near Christmas time, when some generous-hearted farmer bethought himself of the hungry little people on the hill.

The shop-work usually consisted of knitting stockings, winter caps, and jackets. But once, during the war with Prussia, the boys were set to work making lint for wounded soldiers. Small square pieces of linen cloth were given them, which they were to separate

into individual threads and to arrange, like wheat sheaves, in bundles for use on the battlefield—an irksome task they all found it.

And once every year the orphans had all they could eat! Here were the knots on that thread which Brockett's fancy did not lightly touch as he waited behind the church. And there were nine of them distributed at regular intervals from end to end. They stood for Christmas dinners. Of the soup which was thicker, the bread which was buttered, and the vegetable hash which was tripple instead of double, they took their fill, even if they had to ask for a second dish—something which was strictly forbidden on any other occasion. These events should have been given larger knots than any now on the thread—they were looked backward upon and forward to so anxiously.

For these occasions were positively the only ones when Brocketts had not risen from the table hungry. He knew what the phrase in the Bible meant, "the worm that dieth not!" Once, in the school room, Fritz got a good rap over the knuckles for hinting, sincerely enough, that its habitation was the stomach. The Sister said that there wasn't any real worm. But every lad there knew better; he had felt it all the time—could feel it gnawing away right then, in fact.

They had had an agreement among them—handed down, it seems, from one generation of orphans to another, for even the "oldest inhabitant" there did not remember its origin—that in case of sickness at the stomach no one, under any circumstances whatever, was to absent himself from the table and that he was to receive his rations as if nothing had befallen him, giving them, any or all, to his best chum. There was one knot for this in the thread.

And what fine skill those young cubs developed in sniffing a stomach in one another! If, on the grounds, they saw Ludwig, Fritz, Frederick, or Adolphus bending over suddenly, holding his abdomen in the way they all knew so well, there was a sudden acclamation and a running on everybody's part to present his claims to the dinner.

"Fritz can't eat today!" one would cry out. Whereupon the accused would say moodily—

"Maybe I'll get over it all right!"

For no one but a sissy would give up till his case was hopeless. It was a thing to be contemplated with the utmost apprehension,

this loss of a meal. How under the canopy was one ever to make it up!

"Naw, you won't!" contradicted ninety and nine throats. And one of them would add the irrefutable argument: "I had it that way onct, and I had to give up my dinner. Didn't I, John?"

The statement was confirmed not only by John, but by everybody else present. No one boy needed to be singled out like that. As if an event of such magnitude could happen at the orphanage without everybody knowing it! Didn't even Fritz know it?

That was always the first step to convince the afflicted that it was impossible for him to recover before dinner. Then followed the task of establishing one's claims to the most intimate friendship. This was always hard, because one never knew how successful one's reasoning was before all the boys were actually seated at the table. Till then he of the bad stomach rolled disconsolately on the ground, groaning and listening to a ready flow of argument, but keeping meanwhile his own counsel. Desperate siege was laid to him at every point for the inestimable privilege of being his best friend just for this once, you know. Less material pleas failing, tops, marbles, pieces of string, even pocket knives, and I don't know what not, which represented other friendships, were called into requisition. But this was always held to be against the rules. since the supply of these articles was extremely limited, and it appeared like taking undue advantage on account of your wealth. Thus the assault and battery of the affections was kept up till the goods were ceremoniously delivered at the table.

Once, tradition said, a boy suddenly got well just when every friendly mouth was fixed for an additional spoonful of soup and a bite. That afternoon there was an uproar at recess. What happened none of the Brocketts' generation could tell, it had been so long ago. But no boy ever did this afterwards—at least, to the extent of defrauding his expectant neighbors.

All this and more ran through the boy's mind as he stood there waiting for the night fall. These were some of the knots in the thread and some of the smooth distances between. His two attempts at escape Brocketts did not set any value upon, seeing that one of them had brought about a scarred back, and that they both had failed ignominiously of their purpose. But this one—well, it was possibly too early yet to say anything definite about it. When darkness came he would see.

As for the future, Brocketts had no plans further than to run away. It was all vague to him. He had no knowledge of the big world—how big he had yet to learn. But he would go away, far away from Vinningen, where the Sisters could not find him. He would get along—there were no two ways about that. He was a boy, and he was full of hope.

Meantime, he waited for the return of his friend.

ADVENTURE III.—WHICH TELLS HOW BROCKETTS BUMPED INTO
A BIG SEA CAPTAIN, AND WHAT BECAME OF THE AFFAIR.

Vinningen in those days was the merest village, though it was a good deal larger than many of our American "cities" (God save the mark!). Its rather loose group of houses, mostly stone and ancient as the hills, stood perched, like lonely sentinels, on a high plateau and looking out on a broken country all around. For this part of Germany—the Palatinate on the Rhine, as it is called—is outrageously rough, up hill and down dale. Here and there throughout those hills and hollows were farm houses, far apart, with mills and factories between—the whole country plentifully sprinkled with timber. To get down from the elevation where Vinningen was, you had to go north on the only road leading from it, for every where else were tall, precipitous cliffs.

On this road, rounding the western cliffs, as the night fell heavy as a fog, a boy trudged—not in drab any more, though the clogs remained, but in a dark blouse belted at the waist. In an inside pocket were eight marks, the equivalent of about one dollar and eighty-five cents—an unexpected present from his generous-hearted friend.

"You'd better take the road to Spires," that friend had advised him. "It's easier to lose yourself in a big town than in the country. That's what I did, and I got along all right."

Brocketts had wondered what that experience had been, but the man had said nothing further about it, and he had not asked.

"How far is it from here?" the boy had inquired.

"Let me see! I don't think it's forty miles. D'you think you can walk fifteen miles a day?"

Brocketts thought he could.

"Then you can easily make it in three days."

And the two had parted with a warm hand clasp—gratitude on the boy's lips and hopeful words on the man's.

"You'll get along all right," his friend had shot whisperingly after him. "I believe in you!"

How those wooden shoes flew along the dusty turnpike! He could not miss the way, he had been told, since the road lay straight to the capital, and there were no others except small ones breaking off from this. Presently the moon rose over his shoulder, an irregular yellow ball in the clear blue, and a twinkling star chasing merrily after.

Joy was in Brocketts' heart—the joy of a new life. Whatever befell him would be preferable to the all-round stagnation of the orphanage. Growth and manhood was what he pined for, which he saw no hope of there. But this that he was going to should be different. He would see to that. It should be full of action and development. He meant to be somebody in the world. What, he did not know yet, but he would keep his eyes and ears open. To him, as to everyone with the dew of youth fresh upon him, the future was red with hope.

As for running away from the orphan asylum, he had no twinges of conscience on that score. He belonged to nobody. Nobody had any interest in him. The only reason why the Sisters wished to have him with them was that they got money for his keep. So far as he knew, he had no parents and no relatives. And why should he stay where every moment was a growing disappointment, when nobody but himself was really concerned? Yes; he had done perfectly right in making his escape. If he succeeded, it would be by the strength of his own right arm; if he failed—but he would not fail; he had that in him, he felt, which would earn success. And so thinking, he trudged on.

Brocketts made more than fifteen miles a day, for he reached Spires in just two days, and with three marks in his pocket. Twice he had got a ride in a cart for several miles, and he had walked early and late. But he had been free with his food-money, for he knew he could not hope to keep up a good pace on the road unless he ate well. And then, too, he was a boy. His spirits were higher than ever when he reached the capital of Bavaria.

Spires, or Speyer as it is often called, was then a town of probably fourteen thousand inhabitants. It is situated at the junction of the Speyerbach and the Rhine. Several German emperors lie buried there, and it has a cathedral now nearly nine hundred years old. But Brocketts neither knew nor cared for

any of these dull facts. All he saw was that it offered possibilities for a boy in a dark blouse with three marks in his pocket.

But those possibilities were far different from what he looked for. He expected to get a place to work somewhere; instead, he found—but I am getting ahead of my story.

He had just turned into a side street near the river and was inspecting the signs as he went, hoping to find a place where he might get a meal, when he bumped up against the fair round belly of a rough-looking man on his way out of a tavern.

Really, the man had stood still when he saw the boy coming towards him, waiting good-humoredly to receive the bump, as good-humored people will sometimes do.

"Well, what the devil do you want?" he asked in a voice that came from so far down there in that rotundity as to get extremely broken on its way up.

"Work, sir!" said Brocketts forgetting the immediate interest in the larger. "I'm looking for a job."

"Lookin' fer a job, hey?" repeated he of the big stomach, looking at the boy's short figure and square head.

"Yes, sir."

"And what kin you do?"

"Oh, anything—I'm willing to do anything."

"Willin' to do anything. And what you want for doin' it?"

"Oh, whatever it's worth, sir."

"Whatever it's worth, hey? Then I'm your man—come with me." And the man wheeled lumberingly about to lead the way.

"I've got to have something to eat first!" protested Brocketts. "I'm awful hungry, sir."

"So'm I, and I'm just goin' to dinner. You c'n eat with me. How'll that do, hey?"

"All right, sir." Brocketts would save the price of a meal.

The two went off together down to the river and on to a merchantman. It was a large vessel, one of those which plied up and down the Rhine with merchandise. And this man was the captain evidently, for he shouted to the cook—

"Lunch for two—one big and one little!"

Brocketts found himself wondering whether the man meant the lunches or the persons who were to eat the lunches. The fact that he was little—not so little though!—was no sign that he could not eat lots. But there was no time to continue this thought,

since meanwhile they were sousing their faces in cool water, combing their hair, and talking.

"And what may be your name, son?" asked his friend.

"Brocketts, sir," the boy answered briefly.

"Brocketts it shall be, then," the man returned. "And you c'n call me Behner, and my boat the "**Walrus**." I'm an old salt, even if this is fresh water, and I own this here boat, and we're goin' to sail away in two more hours, if them bloaters don't get too full."

Sail away! This was more than Brocketts had bargained for. He would have to think it over. Always, he had to think about everything that offered a prospect. If he didn't go, he would pay the man for his dinner and bid him good-bye; and if he went—why, he would go, that was all there was about it.

The reasons for going were greater than those for staying, as Brocketts found when he came to consider. Indeed, there was no really good reason why he should remain at Spires; whereas, there were several why he ought to go with the boat. In the first place, if he went, he would not be caught and taken back to the orphanage—anyway, the probability that he wouldn't, might be increased. Then, he could see the country. Heretofore he had never been out of Vinningen, and a caged bird not only longs for liberty and the open air, but, if we only knew it, goes farther away from the place of former bondage than otherwise it would. There could be no danger on the water greater than on the land. And so the balance was cast on the side of going with Behner in the "**Walrus**."

The "bloaters," eight in number, returned in time and only about half "full." Either the Captain had over-estimated their capacity for beer, or he had under-estimated their powers of resistance. Anyhow, back they came, and in no bad way for their work either, considering. And good-humored to the point of imbecility. In no time, the boat, heavy-laden, floated down the beautiful waters of the Rhine.

There is nothing to exceed the magic charm of a voyage on a stream like the Rhine, with its varied scenery, its dashing waters here, and its deep, even surface there. In all great rivers there is a suggestion of strength and eternity, but in the Rhine is a hint also of the wonderful possibilities of little things. For, away up yonder in the icy mountains of Switzerland, far above those high valleys where no habitations are, and far above the point where the hardy pine ceases to grow, a few drops of water break themselves loose

from the ice wall; they trickle down the steep, gathering force and volume as they fly along, often through the air, but always in essentially the same course; and they rush irresistibly through the lower places where men have builded their cities to drown with their noisy wheels of industry the sound of the ever thunderous waters; till, in Germany and Holland, it becomes a thing to be fiercely reckoned with. From the dashing impetuosity of that slender up-stream current, it turns into a majestic width, which makes you think you are afloat on the broad bosom of a romantic lake.

All this, even the fact of the river's growth into power, the hungry eyes and ears of Brocketts did not permit to escape him. At every point where he was not at work, he plied the seamen with questions.

And then there is the rich material of history that almost every spot in the old stream gives out to even the half-read German youth. Here, a little way from the castle of Klopp, rises the Mouse Tower, where, according to tradition, the hard-hearted Bishop Hatto came to a pitiful death from rats because he refused, one year when his people's crops failed, to take from his own overflowing granaries some wheat to satisfy their hunger cries, but burned them instead in a barn to which he had inveigled them by false promises. Farther on, past a softly-undulating country, covered with grape vines far as the eye can see, to the steeply-rising mountain where the best grapes are, stands that grand pile, the castle of Rheinstein, from which the knights of the stirrup, who laughed at the king's efforts to get peace for his people, were ordered captured by him and hanged wherever caught. Then there is the Lorelei, a giant rock rising from the river, up which one beautiful moonlight night a young fisherman climbed and was never seen afterward, for the Lorelei had taken him down to her Crystal Palace in the cool, clear depths below, there to possess him forever. I do not vouch for the truth of these, however, since the account is found in the romanticists. At St. Goar is a famous abbey, where, it is said, is a book in which is inscribed the name of Charlemagne and other, but lesser, lights of the eighth century. There is a cathedral at Bonn which is said to owe its origin to St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, and in which two kings were crowned, Philip the Fair and Charles the Fourth of Bohemia. And so, emerging from the majestic circle of the splendid seven mountains.

the finest point on the Rhine, Brocketts passed into Cologne.

Here the grand old stream grows into sedate manhood, from its impetuous days of boyhood and youth. Then it tossed itself from the high places to the low in a perfectly reckless way, going presently through the luxurious and literally intoxicating vineyards on the borders of France. Now, however, it settles itself into a busy domesticated condition, content to look after the rye and the wheat, to be interested in the increase in the number of lofty smoking chimneys and clattering railway trains, and to remark with satisfaction the growth of the shipping before the wealthy and busy commercial towns.

It was evening when Captain Behner's vessel reached Cologne, passing through the bridge of boats. The high spire of St. Martin's, with its two towers, rose in the midst of the town like a huge giant, the two lights looking for all the world like two eyes sparkling with fire. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night but the rustling of the waters, the heavy tramp of the horses' hoofs on the bridge, and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer.

Aix-la-Chapelle, farther on, fairly bristled, as Brocketts knew, with interesting historical events from the days of Charlemagne to the day when the treaty of peace was signed there, in 1748, which ended a long war between England and France.

All along the Rhine the "Walrus" had passed numerous fine old castles round which traditions and fancy have woven their legends of romance and fable, and all along, too, it had gone by costly and magnificent cathedrals, about which cluster traditions affecting the hopes and loves of millions of Christian people.

Much of these traditions, however, was lost on Brocketts and his companions on the boat, because of their scant knowledge of this sort of German history. For always a thing which may not excite even a casual thought when you know nothing of its past, becomes a subject of deep interest in the light of history and tradition. But our young hero at least viewed with amazement the grand structures and their beautiful settings, as they fell on the right hand or on the left, and appreciated such stories as came to his memory on hearing familiar names.

(To be continued)

Little Problems of Married Life.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN,

V.—The Wife's Settled Income.

The most vital problem of married life is its simplest problem. It is the money question in the home. It is the division of the family income in a domestic partnership. Its solution means putting the home firm on a business basis. If unmet and unanswered it has more assorted possibilities of disillusion, discord, dissatisfaction, deception and disunion to the square inch than any other subject in the vocabulary of matrimony. It can be settled for a lifetime—in a single hour.

Before the honeymoon reaches its first quarter this problem should be quietly promoted from the ranks of the unsolved. In a spirit of loving confidence and conference, in the interest of their united happiness, this question of the wife's settled income should be clearly and definitely understood between them. The amount of money involved may be only a trifle; but the principle means justice, and justice is no trifle. She seems in an atmosphere of sweet thoughtfulness and loving watchfulness over her happiness when he is the one who proposes this plan—a regular income for her as household queen with a private purse of her own. But should he, just drifting, let it remain in the realm of the unspoken, she should not permit pride to make her an accomplice in his silence.

When a man says at the marriage altar, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," and two months later makes it necessary for her to resort to diplomacy to get seventy cents from him to pay the ice man, his memory needs repairing. Diplomacy in the home, is the kindergarten class in duplicity.

When she sits preoccupied at the breakfast table, playing nervously with her knife and fork, and thinking so loud that she does not hear his request for a second cup of coffee; when she is so awed by the realization that somehow she must work up the

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courage to ask him for two dollars, and she turns over one plan after another for introducing the subject, giving an occasional side-glance at the clock to see how much time she still has left before he goes for the day, there is something wrong in the home financial system.

This is not a situation for humor; it is intense with pathos; there is in it an undertone of tragedy. It is a degradation of the dignity of wifehood, to make her feel a pensioner, a beggar in her own home. When a man puts his wife's love and her respect for him in pawn for two dollars, or any amount of money, he is likely to lose the ticket and be unable later to redeem the pledge. When she fears to speak to him about money, and undergoes sacrifice, self-denial and humiliation to avoid the ordeal, her love is scheduled for adjournment. It is true that "perfect love casteth out fear"; it is equally true that perfect fear finally casteth out love.

The husband who dolorously doles out dollars, under protest, on the installment plan, to meet family expenses, as if they were reluctant contributions to an outside charity, is viewing home from a wrong perspective. When he requires his wife to mark down in a little book every item of expense, not to guide her in wise management but for his personal satisfaction, and then goes over it as an auditing committee, quizzing her in civil service style, on the wisdom of this expenditure, and the reason for that, he is mistaken about wanting a wife. What he needs is—a housekeeper, without pay. To be consistent, he should set up a cash register in the kitchen and have every purchase rung up and a voucher put in the drawer.

When he leaves on the corner of the mantelpiece, in the morning, just enough money to last through the day, while he is selfishly humouring every whim or wish of his own, there is a suggestion of running a home on the slot-machine principle—the mechanical delivery of scant supplies, through small investments, for immediate use.

There is an irritating assumption of superiority in man's managing of money, and a cowardly insistence on woman's irresponsibility and extravagance that is characteristic of some men. If a wife can be trusted with the motherhood of his children and their guardianship and training and the management of his home, surely she should be trusted with whatever amount he can afford to run the house, not to be extracted from him by daily "assessment,"

but weekly or monthly allowance that will permit her to take a broad view of income and expenditure, to plan wisely and prudently. If she be extravagant she must be taught economy through money responsibility; she can never learn by any other method.

In the running of a household there are constantly little rills of incidentals that trickle away the funds; they can be known and realized only by the one who is spending: a week later the detail may be forgotten but the wife knows only that it was necessary at the time; but to be forced into the humiliating position where she has to give elaborate explanations of every trifle of expense is degrading to her and to him. A man would not risk subjecting his partner at the office to such indignity; how can he dare to do it to his partner at home?

The husband who splashes money in the home one week may let the weeks following be as dry as the bed of a mountain brook after a long, parched, rainless summer. You cannot keep the house wheels running by the water that is past. With this spasmodic supply of domestic funds there is usually an air of conscious generosity as if he were donating this money to his wife as a personal gift for which she should be grateful. In reality much of it may be already preempted by bills; the margin left for current expenses may be little. He usually has a vivid memory of the amount of his contributions, but a fine forgetfulness of the long intervals between them. She may have to face, too, that most humiliating and mean of all questions in home management: "What did you do with that ten dollars I gave you in February?" This method means unhealthy alternations between extravagance and penury. It is death to wise planning and systematic managing. It makes her the helpless slave to his moods and his emotions.

The wife should be the treasurer of the home funds, payable to her in the form of a settled income. Peculiar circumstances may modify methods in individual instances but if the spirit be recognized as just and fair, the details can readily be adjusted.

When husband and wife, sitting in executive session, at the earliest possible moment in their married life, work out this little problem together, they will find themselves nearer and dearer, more deeply conscious of the realness of their partnership, for they are consecrating money to love, not desecrating love to money. The wife's pride in being trusted, in being in his confidence, in being a factor in every plan of his, in having her advice and sug-

gestions count with him, adds a tender, sweet, inspiring touch of new dignity to her wifehood. He is appealing to her head as well as her heart. She is to have real responsibility and she wants to prove worthy of it—and of him. Responsibility is a great gift; it is a great privilege. It develops, it strengthens, it unifies energy and increases mental and moral reserve. It is like the women burden-bearers of Martinique, who carry baskets on their heads—the heavier the burden the more erectly they walk.

In arranging the division of the family funds, the two, knowing the income upon which they may reasonably count, can figure out together what are the absolutely essential expenses that must be met, rent, food, insurance, and the incidentals of the household, including what business men term an allowance for depreciation, for wear and tear. This amount should be set aside weekly or monthly and assigned to the wife for her management. In addition there should be an allowance for her clothes on whatever scale their social standing, her needs and justice to the fund, demands. She should further have some amount, decided upon between them, for her own private purse, her personal spending money to use just as she chooses. It is a minimum amount for trifles that increase her comforts, convenience, and pleasures. It is to be all her own, without inquiry, inquisition or interference.

In arranging the domestic finances the question of saving for the future, of accumulating a reserve for emergencies should be carefully considered by this house committee and the method accepted that represents their united wisdom. The whole problem is simplified in many homes by the wage-earner turning over to the home treasurer his weekly money and receiving for his personal expenses what his needs demand and the income warrants. He has not that petty feeling that he is being placed on an "allowance," for he is merely being relieved of a responsibility. He knows that whatever he gives will be wisely consecrated to their united interests, a fund administered by one for the happiness and good of both.

But business men, handling larger sums for use, investment and more ambitious planning, must be custodians of the bulk of their resources, leaving the stated income to the discretion of the home treasurer. Sweet conference on expenditures outside of the usual routine or on special economies in times of stress and storm

make a joint session of the home partners a new strengthening of the bonds of unity and confidence.

Many men thoughtlessly fail to realize the importance of the wife's private purse. Whether the amount be large or small, whether it include additions to her wardrobe or not, is a matter of adjustment, but in itself it must ever bring a sweet sense of individuality and independence in trifles that is refreshing and inspiring. It is not giving "wages" as some husbands indignantly protest; it is assigning to one of the partners part of the dividends from the firm's success. This is simply attesting the husband's sense of justice, not debarring his generosity from occasional extra dividends.

There are husbands, generous by instinct and impulse, kind, loving, attentive and genuinely solicitous for the comfort and happiness of their wives who, by some strange kink in their mental working, would no more think of providing them with spending money of their own than they would of endowing a home for aged canaries. The wives may have charge accounts in half a dozen stores and the bills may be paid by check with never a word of protest and hardly a glance at the items. The household expenses may all be met on a scale of equal liberality; but of ready money of her own the wife may have little or nothing.

She is living a life of poverty in a de luxe edition. She may have to wait for her carriage because she has no money for a car or a cab. She wants to send a little money present to the old folks at a Christmas time or as a little birthday remembrance, and may be forced to seem mean because she really does not have it, and pride makes explanation seem disloyalty. She receives little favours from her women friends and feels humiliated at not being able to reciprocate. She foregoes the luxury of little charities, except they may be manifest in some form that she can have "charged." She may resort to subterfuges, lies, tricks, and petty devices that may mark the initial stage of the weakening of a strong, fine character.

She may borrow from her milliner and have the amount of the loan disguised on the next bill as "feathers." She may sell her dresses she has worn but two or three times, knowing she can easily "charge" new ones. She may surrender to a friend some prized little article of jewelry for far less than its value, swallowing with a sob the memory of its associations. She may plunge into bridge,

on borrowed capital, with a feverish desire to win, as a desperate man may seek to repair his fortunes at Monte Carlo. The husbands may never guess the cost of their meanness or their thoughtlessness.

There are wives who have a strange dread, a misguided sense of humiliation, they can never quite master by reason of "asking for money." This may lead many of them to "doing without" what they really need. Their lips may be mute, but their minds are working overtime; their hearts are filled with a restless, rankling rebellion. They feel a hurt pride that is not healthful for either husband or wife. The thought that comes uppermost, that rises persistently is, "If he really loved me, he would realize it. I would suffer anything rather than get money merely because I ask for it." And the husband, in blind blundering, may never know the real cause of many subtle changes in her attitude towards him and towards life.

Other women, after studying the husband's mood as an aviator studies air currents, may secure by policy, flattery, wheedling or other artifice, as a concession what should be given them as a right. Others stint on the housekeeping, save at the expense of their own energy, health or strength, in order to get a little money of their own.

The humorous papers tell stories of the seemingly absurd value some women put on money, without realizing the substratum of pathos and injustice. They picture cleverly the episode of two women in a street car; each frantically insisting on paying the fares, each struggling vigorously to come in second on the hunt for an elusive dime. They portray the easy, nonchalant way in which a man pays the two fares for himself and his friend. The man is not more generous than the woman; one of these women may be his wife who cannot afford the liberality that distinguishes the husband. The bargain-hunting instinct of women exploited in newspaper stories as humorous, may again be but an instance of the false estimate of money value into which they are forced.

A man is unjust to his wife and to his children if he permits her to be untrained in the management of money, and the responsibility that comes with it. Should his disability or death throw suddenly upon her shoulders the burden of wage-earning or of business management, she should not have to meet this crisis

unawares, learning then by sad experience the wisdom it should have been his pleasure to give her.

The settled income for the wife is important itself, but greater far is its significance as a recognition of true relationship, the individuality it recognizes, the freedom it confers, and the confidence it inspires.

The settled income is no wondrous panacea that cures all the wrongs and sorrows of married life. It is no magic formula that transforms discord into harmony by its utterance; it is no miracle worker in the home; but it clears the air and it brings union and unity on one great problem in the life of the two. Most wives who love will go down through the dark valley of poverty and sorrow, bravely, loyally and uncomplainingly if fate decide that they must, but in their hearts they resent not sharing fully with him in his prosperity. They are not willing to be invited to his feasts but be denied his feasts.

It is not the fact of the mere money itself but what they, without conscious analysis, feel that it implies. They may excuse temper, thoughtlessness, incompetency, coolness, seeming neglect and many other failings with the sentence that means so much to a hungry heart, "He must really love me after all or he would not provide so generously, often giving more than he can afford." She feels he is still standing bravely on guard between her and the world. The settled income may prove one of the water-tight compartments on the ship of matrimony—an excellent refuge in a storm of discord when the waves of doubt roll high.

("When Pride Comes Between," is the title of the next paper in this series, in the December ERA.)

How Trouble is Forged.

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

—Tennyson's "Enid."

Keep the Track.

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE UTAH
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

One hot and sultry summer day down in Arizona, a weary tramp was slowly making his way along the railroad track. He was anxious to get to California, the land of "milk and honey," so-called. He had no money to pay for his transportation by rail, so he had to walk. On either side of him was nothing but boiling sand; in front and behind, nothing but the two rails stretching along as far as the eye could see. He was warm, tired and thirsty, he longed for a rest in the shade by a cool, babbling brook. He seemed to be half dreaming. Suddenly trees began to rise out of the desert in the distance, houses, church spires and waving fields of grain. He could almost hear the running water as it leaped from rock to rock down the wonderful mountains that he could see. He stood amazed with wonder and thankfulness. He had not thought of finding such beauties and comforts in the desert. He knew the danger of becoming lost in the desert, and the thought came to him: should he stay with the guiding rails that were sure to take him to his destination, or should he leave them and seek refreshment in the city, rest in the shade, and quench his thirst in the babbling brook? The temptation was too strong, he left the guiding rails, and wandered off into the desert towards the wonder and comforts which he saw, only to find that he never reached them, for they were only mirages, and to be found only in his own imagination. He wandered on and on, and became lost in the desert. To-day his bones lie whitening in the hot desert sands.

He never should have left his guiding lines, the rails,—there alone was safety; for if he had continued on as reason should have suggested to him, he would soon have safely reached his destination. The rails were often warm, and the way long and wearysome, yet they alone could have kept his way to safety. They alone could have prevented him from wandering away into the trackless desert.

This little story can be readily applied to the farmer. The careless, non-methodical way of farming, is the trackless desert, because no definite way is followed. The track with its two lines stretching out before and behind is the methodical way of farming that experience, experimentation and reason have pointed out. The one rail representing the upper limit and the other the lower limit, beyond which it is not safe to go. The man is the farmer. The mirages in the desert are the pictures he sees in his mind of the great returns he is going to get by continuously cropping his land, getting out of it all that he can, and returning nothing, of getting large returns and not working his land much; not plowing deep, not harrowing at the proper time, not keeping the weeds down, not treating his seed grain for smut, not sowing good seed (because it costs a little more than what he has). All this takes labor and the outlay of a little cash. He sees in his mind large fields of waving grain secured with but little outlay, and very often the temptation is too great and he wanders off, only to find that sooner or later he becomes lost in the desert of neglect and poverty, and a mortgage, or the entire loss of his home and farm, is the result. He failed to remain within the safety limits of proper cultivation, to conserve the moisture, good, clean, well-selected seed, proper rotation of crops or summer-fallowing, and the addition of manure to maintain the fertility; so that his land became run down, and each year produced smaller and smaller crops until finally nothing but weeds would grow. Had he farmed properly, his land would have been more fertile to-day than when first cultivated, and his crops would have increased proportionately, and he would have safely reached his goal of a prosperous, happy and contented farmer.

How many of the farmers of Utah have left the safety rails pointed out by the Experiment Stations and experience, and are following a mirage that leads finally to despair? I hope not many are doing so. I know most are following safely between the proper limits, and are doing good methodical farming, yet some have yielded to the temptation, and are careless in their farming operations, not caring how or when they are done. Let us all keep to the track, and prosperity, happiness, and abundant crops will not only be ours, but will also come to our children and our children's children, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.



PART OF BURBANK'S HOME GROUNDS, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

The Biggest of California's "Giants."

BY KATE THOMAS.

"The greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add a useful plant to its culture."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

We disagree somewhat, of course, for I think that the greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add to its culture a useful, honorable, high-minded citizen. And if every father and mother of children loved them as Luther Burbank loves his plants, watched them, petted them, coaxed the good along, so that the superabundance of growing good would naturally let the bad die out, it would not be long before the world had practically no ethical problems to solve.

Who is Luther Burbank? He is one of those little-known, world-famous, simple folk who make epochs in the growth of a planet towards perfection. The instruction for distributing such usually reads: "Only one to a world." He occupies a place among the highest of all created things, because he is himself a creator. And inasmuch as he is of the truly great, there is nothing bumptious about him. He spends his life humbly and actively, among his tools and experiment tables, at his garden in Santa Rosa, and at his farm, or orchard, some five miles out. He is a slender



LUTHER BURBANK.

man, past sixty, with a fine balance of firmness and love, an artistic nature and a business ability.

If you have an exalted opinion of his work, and take the trip

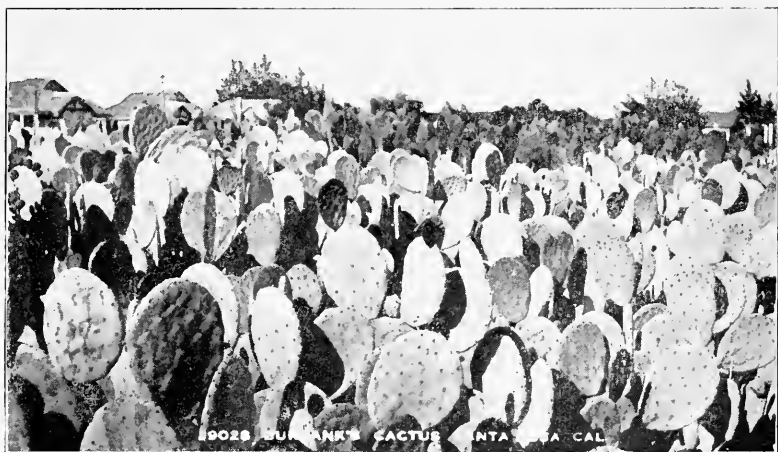
to Santa Rosa from a genuinely altruistic emotion, you will experience something resembling a shock. For you may not enter the gate. You may look over the low fence at the garden which you do not understand, and which no one explains to you, and at the old, vine-covered house where the man of whom you want just a glimpse works on, so unconscious of your presence that he does not so much as peep through the blind to see what he has avoided! You may enter the "Information Bureau," and buy as many rather ugly souvenirs, at somewhat over-estimated prices, as you (don't) want. There is something degrading about that "bureau." It seems too small a thing to have "commercialism" in such big letters on it. All the "information" you get is that you can buy salts and peppers, resembling the cactus fruit, for seventy-five cents per pair. If you were the walrus, or even the carpenter, and all the little oysters were waiting in a row, things might look different, but when you are but a simple mortal thirsting for knowledge, seventy-five-cent salts and peppers scarcely fill the void. You long for the man with the megaphone: "In this corner of the garden may be seen ———," etc. However, whether or not anyone likes the methods of the information bureau, a fair, thinking person must acknowledge that the seemingly harsh notice: "POSITIVELY NO VISITORS ALLOWED. Warning! Any Person Entering or Trespassing on these Grounds will be Prosecuted," must have been absolutely forced upon a considerate host by an abusive mob of the idle curious. As he, himself, tells it:

"No one could be more pleased to welcome the general public to my experiment grounds, but over six thousand visitors were received during the year 1904. All the important experimental work was delayed beyond recall, grounds overrun with crowds, from daylight to ten o'clock at night, no rest even on Sundays or holidays; business destroyed, rare plants died for want of care; attention constantly called from legitimate matters, letters neglected, telegrams delayed; meals taken standing, sleep disturbed, health at the point of destruction, visitors calling at all hours without regard to my own convenience, each one being under the fixed and unalterable impression that he or she was the one particular one who should be admitted. Hence the order. The general public has no moral, legal, or other right to invade my grounds, home, private office or laboratories."

So we see how fame has its drawbacks. It seems almost impossible to put the immeasurable good this man has done briefly. And it goes without saying that he grew into a celebrity, through years of patient, unseen toil. His invaluable work has recently

been acknowledged by the government at Washington, by an appropriation which leaves him free to go on with his experiments, while his family look after the business part of realizing from his wonderful improvements.

At present he is still engaged in perfecting his spineless cactus. By studying a certain variable genus of cacti, the fact became clear that its ancestors had thrown out a foliage, and had been smooth-skinned. Stranded, in ages past, in a region fast becoming desert by the evaporation of some vast inland sea, the plants found it necessary to adapt themselves to severer seasons of heat and drought. They began by dropping their leaves, thus preventing evaporation. But another danger threatened, the danger of anni-



BURBANK'S CACTUS, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

hilation. This genus (the *Opuntia*) is almost wholly food and drink and greatly relished by all herbivorous animals“ from a canary bird to an elephant,” and the little rudimentary leaves that its nature still threw out soon turned to swords for protection. “Perhaps nowhere,” says Mr. Burbank, “in the whole vegetable kingdom, have such elaborate preparations been made. The punishment inflicted is immediate, the pain severe and lasting, often ending in death, so that all living things have learned to avoid the *Opuntias* as they do rattlesnakes, and notwithstanding their most delicious and nourishing fruit, produced unfailingly in greatest abundance, they have not been systematically improved by the

agriculturist and the horticulturist as their merits so well deserve." The fruit, according to the species, varies from the size of a peanut to a banana, and the single plant produces annually from fifty to two hundred pounds.

Mr. Burbank argued that the cactus having once been spineless, it could be so again. He obtained specimens from all over the world. The best of these he crossed. Then he kept crossing and crossing. Today the spineless cactus is achieved! The best of all about it is that, like Luther Burbank's other fixed, new species, it will never retrograde. It is the eternal march of the plant-life, onward and upward, that we are hoping for in the human sphere. The achievement of the best.

The practical value of the spineless cactus is that millions of acres of desert land, heretofore looked upon as too sterile for hope, may now become the sources of vast revenue. Besides their great food value to cattle, their fruits and leaves furnish delicious jellies, jams, pickles and greens; the juice from the fruits of the crimson varieties is used for coloring ices, confectionery, etc.; the leaves make excellent poultices; the juice of both leaves and fruit is mixed with whitewash to make it more lasting when exposed to weather; etc., etc. Perhaps no better proof of the use of this discovery could be given than quoting an extract from one of the hundreds of letters that go to Mr. Burbank from the arid regions of the earth. The writer wishes seeds of the new cactus:

"Because of the two famines of 1896-97, the population of India was lessened by twenty-one millions of souls.

"I believe your work in developing an improved, edible cactus will mean much for the saving of life among the poverty-stricken millions of southern Asia. God bless you in your noble work."

Burbank fruits, Burbank flowers, Burbank vegetables, and Burbank nuts, are growing steadily. Doubtless they will grow, like the little stone, till they fill the whole world.

Dr. Hugo De Vries, a noted European scientist, engaged in plant experimentation, too, though his object is to prove the Darwinian theory, while Burbank's purpose is solely use and beauty, says of him:

"Europe has no man like him. He is a unique, great genius. Such a knowledge of nature, and such ability to handle plant-life, would only be possible to an innately high genius. The time will come when he will be as well-known and as highly cherished in California as he is now among the scientific men of Europe."

Mr. Burbank's line of "inventions" is one upon which no patent is obtainable. He has had dishonest people profit by his expenditure, and represent to the public as his, things which were not his. He has spent nearly \$240,000 of his private earnings on his loved experiments. He acknowledged that, having been endowed with a good business capacity, he has never been so completely stranded as most people who follow a similar cause. He says with conviction and something of pathos;

"The reward is in the joy of having done good work; and the impatient envy and jealousy of those who know nothing of the labor and sacrifice necessary, and who are by nature and cultivation kickers rather than lifters, count for nothing,"

Courage.

AN EPIGRAM

Soldiers twain stood facing danger,
Side by side, alone and still.
Bold was one, to fear a stranger,
Light of thought and stout of will.

But the other, grave and serious,
Deeply pondered where he stood,
Felt the spell of the mysterious
Overshadowing neighborhood——

Of the mortal menace hidden
In that moment's sudden chance,
Till the throng of thoughts sunbidden
Trampled o'er his countenance.

Then his comrade marked his palor.
And a rallying charge he made,
Out of his light-hearted valor,
Lightly spoken: "You're afraid!"

"True, my friend, " with blanched lips, said he,
"I have fear as you have none;
But I stand here staunch and ready——
You, with half my fear would run."

Wm. C. Wilkinson, D. D.—In S. S. TIMES.

The Conquest of Aida.

BY ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON.

I.—The Plot.

Jared, as he reclined on the roof-garden, looked out over the city basking in the afternoon light. Although it was yet warm, he had stumbled out into the open air from his siesta couch where he had smothered and tried in vain to sleep during the sultry afternoon. There was a discontented look in his eyes as his gaze wandered over the vast extent of the roofs, the palms silhouetted against a pastel sky, to the crystalline peaks in the distance crowned with eternal snow. The nearby stone mansions were resplendent in red-tiled roofs, sun-burnished walls, and purple shadows, while an occasional opening afforded a glimpse of a green courtyard or paved street. Nor could the beauty of his own aerial gardens, a riot of color, with subtile perfume of violets and verbenas, win him from his trouble. The laughter of girls floated up from the pool below, where his daughter Aida with her women, was disporting herself in the water. Unlike less active women, who let an indented pillow in a hammock tell the story of the afternoon's exertions, she preferred violent swimming in the humid plunge.

Wearily he leaned back, as if he found the cushions hard for his emaciated limbs. Jared had once been ruler over this vast domain, and he who has tasted power cannot soon forget the flavor. Lusting for the kingdom, he had dispossessed his old father, King Omer, but his younger brother had risen up and wrested it from his greedy grasp. They defeated him in open battle, took him captive, and Jared only bought his freedom with the promise that he would never go to war again. After that he found life shorn of its glory, but a worthless thing.

Evening is unknown in the tropics, for night descends swiftly, shrouding the earth in a black pall. Tonight, for a transitory period, a crescent moon hung in a sapphire sky, a breeze sprang up from the sea, and the city shook off its lethargy. A hum arose as its inhabitants prepared for the traffic and activity of the night. Lights sprang out. A step on the stair and a rustling of the leaves

made the man turn to behold the laughing face of Aida, like a lily on its stem above the bed of narcissus.

"Come here to me, daughter," he said fondly, his face lighting up.

She shook out her mane of black hair,^f which was still wet, and went toward him. Her shoulders and arms emerged like snow from her loose-fitting, black gown, and the dead pallor of her face was relieved only by the scarlet streak of her lips. Her gray eyes were so heavily shrouded that they appeared black. As she knelt before him, her father leaned forward and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Father," she murmured, "it is eating my heart out to see you always so sad."

"I fear I am but a broken shell from which the life has departed," he lamented.

"Can't you shake this depression off?"

"I have tried," he sighed.

"I know it. You will never be yourself again until you are restored to your old place. The throne is yours by right. You are a younger man than Omer, and can manage the affairs of the nation better. You must be king."

"How?" he raised his eyebrows.

As she had watched her father waste away, gnawed by festering ambition, Aida had realized that something must be done or he would die. So she had evolved a plan.

"Listen," she glanced hastily around and lowered her voice. "There is only one thing between you and your lawful right to the throne."

"My father!"

"Then remove it," she hissed.

"You mean kill the king!" He started as if she had surprised his own guilty thought.

"Why not?"

"It is not for a son to spill his father's blood."

"Get someone else to do it."

"And who, in all the realm of the Jaredites would dare?"

"Only one that I know of. The dark and moody Akish could if he wanted to, for he controls the secret organizations."

"True," he ruminated, "but he is a friend of Omer's."

"Every man has his price."

"What would his be?" he shrugged his shoulders. "The coffers of Akish are bursting with gold now."

"Tempt him with something else."

Jared scowled, what office in the kingdom could he offer for such a crime?

Aida broke in on his reflections. "Send for him here, and I will dance before him, and when he covets me, say, 'Bring hither the head of Omer, the king, and I will give you my daughter for wife.'"

Fond father that he was Jared never doubted but what Akish would want Aida, but the thoughts of bartering her shot a pang through his heart. He would sacrifice his aged father for his soul's desire, but to give up his daughter, that was another thing.

After a silence, he said gently, "Have you thought, my child, that after this is accomplished there must come a day of reckoning?"

"What of it?"

"You are willing to pay the price?"

"Certainly," then hurriedly as the color crept into her face, "I am sick of these effeminate nobles with their perfumed locks, and if I am to have a master it must be one worth obeying. Akish is such a man."

As he watched her with half-closed lids, her father thought that it must be a strong trainer indeed to hold such a splendid tigress in leash; but when he thought of the cruel Akish, his heart was full of misgiving.

II.—Aida Dances Before Akish.

Akish stood at the gate of the gardens of Jared on the night of the banquet. In crimson tunic he leaned a vivid patch against the gray stone arch. A nearby torch illumined his figure, lean, brown and muscular. Black-eyed, hawk-beaked and cruel-lipped, he conveyed a suggestion of power that was felt in the magnetic personality of the man. A band of dull gold hung low over his brow, sheathing his glossy, black hair. Collar and sandals of the same material were the only ornaments he wore. As he surveyed the scene, a gleam came into his eyes for it was well calculated, to stir a more sluggish soul than his.

Cruets of burning oil filled the gardens with soft radiance and changeful shade. Interspersed with these were braziers of incense

whose aromatic smoke curved upwards in spirals. In the fountain the figure of a sea-nymph upheld a conch shell from which the water trickled. It ran into the swimming pool of blue-veined marble which in turn emptied itself into a miniature lake covered with lotus leaves and yellow water lilies. The lagoon was not entirely given over to white-necked swans and pink-legged flamingoes, for a dainty shallop lay moored to the shore as if inviting one to a trip to fairyland among the floating gardens of the lake. One tiny isle grew purple hyacinths, another yellow daffodils, a third flaunted gaudy tulips. In the somber green of the grove was caught the occasional gleam of the white magnolia and pomegranate blooms.

To one side was the aviary, filled with the strange and gorgeous-hued birds of the tropics; beyond, causing an instinctive shudder, were the many species of Central American snakes. The cages of the wild animals were still farther removed so the roars of their inmates would not disturb the ears of the diners. The banquet table was spread on the terrace which was gained by a magnificent flight of steps.

The stone glowed yellow, while the supporting columns were of marble, shot with amethyst. Even as Akish devoured the scene, the portals were thrown wide, and the guests thronged out upon the terrace. Throwing the loose end of his tunic across his shoulder, he strode forward.

The table groaned under its golden service, many of its dishes designed in grotesque forms of birds and animals. Overhead stretched a net from which roses fell upon the board. Akish found himself seated next to Aida whose presence he felt intuitively, before he looked at her. She wore a loose-fitting, white robe from which her bare arms emerged like alabaster. No ornament marred the purity of the throat, nor the poise of the head crowned with living night. The jade bangles which dangled from her ears only heightened the pallor of her skin.

"So I have met you at last," he murmured.

"I have known Akish long, by reputation," she flattered subtly.

"Three times have I seen you before, but ever failed to make your acquaintance."

"Three times? Twice only do I remember. Once as you rode by, leading your troops to battle, I thought that your eyes

rested on me for a moment. Again in a little park in Heth you passed me with a group of gray-beards."

"But first I saw you bathing one morning in the pool at Ether's house in Heth. I noticed that you were the best swimmer among the women. I went back that afternoon and enquired of their guests only to find that you had left that day. As for the night in the park—after I went to the council with the old men, I excused myself, and hurried back to the park but you had gone."

"After you had passed I went home," she confessed.

He replied with a burning glance, and she saw her father watching them with furtive eyes from across the table.

A troupe of acrobats, assisted by deformed mountebanks, performed. A group of dancing girls, garlanded with flowers, went through a series of figures for the guests, while ever roses fell from above. Everyone did as he pleased, as the banquet progressed. Some of the diners were stupid from gormandizing, others had partaken too freely of the intoxicating juice of the maguey. Aida tasted little of the rich meats before her, but Akish seemed possessed of a burning thirst which goblet after goblet of frothy mead failed to quench. His veins were on fire, and as he whispered in Aida's ear, he suddenly swooped to cool his hot lips on the clear expanse of her shoulder. But even as he clutched her she eluded his grasp and slipped away, leaving him with distended nostrils like blood-hound thwarted in pursuit.

Presently Jared, arising from his seat, announced, "My daughter has consented to dance for us. The guests crowded forward and waited expectantly, but then they were not prepared for the sight that greeted their eyes. Aida slowly made her way to the center of the terrace. As she emerged into the light, the spectators uttered an exclamation of horror, and Akish swore under his breath, for wrapped around her body were the thick coils of a snake.

A snood fastened over her brow made her head resemble that of the serpent, and her form, sheathed in green, writhed so with the monster that the watchers could scarce tell where one ended and the other began. Slowly the undulations of the snake-dance started. The onlookers watched fascinated, much as the shivering little monkeys are hypnotized by the dance of Kaa, the rock python, before they are devoured by him. Akish, with bulging eyeballs, crept nearer under the spell. The woman and the ser-

pent swayed together; then out darted a white arm, followed by the glistening writhe of the snake. At times it seemed almost a battle between the two, and again it seemed as if the monster would hug her to death in its embrace. Finally, at a signal, two attendants rushed forward and helped disengage the python which seemed loath to leave its fair prey. As it was coaxed off, the audience heaved a sigh of relief. As the snake sheds its skin, so Aida threw off her outer robe, and emerged in roseate gauze of dawn-like hue. The music crashed into gayer strains. First the dancer depicted the awakening of love,—joy, bliss, rising to the delirium of ecstasy,—then languor, and when it seemed that she had fairly swooned away, her muscles became taut, and she arose to show the fury of love scorned. Snatching a dagger from her belt she brandished it in the air. Wildly she struck, faster and faster resounded the music, more passionate became her motion, until she was fury incarnate. She seemed a harlequin of the desert, as she struck right and left. Akish did not realize how near he was until she plunged the blade at him and he drew back with a cold sweat on his brow. Her vengeance seemed to rise to the height of black hate. Centering her strength she drove the dagger into her imaginary enemy, and the knife went clattering down on the floor.

The dance was ended. The spectators broke into wild applause. Aida staggered toward the shade of the orange trees, and not realizing what he did, Akish plunged after her. He reached her just as she swayed and fell, with utter exhaustion, on his outstretched arm.

III —Fruition.

Lured on by the bait of Aida, Akish called the secret societies together and started his diabolical machinations, but the Lord warned Omer, in a dream, of his impending danger, with the result that the old king gathered his household together and departed secretly to the land of Ablom, where he pitched his tents by the sea-shore. Jared was anointed king by the hand of wickedness, and at the same time Akish was wedded to Aida.

If Jared loved power, Akish did more so, and his vaulting ambition led to the throne itself. He fretted inwardly; and, because such a nature must be active in evil, he began to lay his subtle plans to consummate his end. He must get Jared out

of the way. By reason of his control of the secret organizations, whose members were bound by dread oaths, he was already a more influential man than the king. His marriage to Jared's daughter strengthened his position. Strangely enough, the thing that should have deterred him from the murder, consideration for his wife, confirmed his dire decision. Akish loved Aida as much as a nature of his kind is capable of, but mingled with it was a desire to domineer. He derived pleasure from torturing the beloved object. During their brief married life, he had been afforded some rare flashes of her temper, and he now saw a chance to quell the rebellion in her, and crush it with one blow.

The arch conspirator sent out his band of assassins to kill King Jared, as he sat upon the throne, and as they departed he called after the bullies, "That I may know that you have done your work well, bring me a token, bring me the head of the king," and he smiled grimly to think that the same fate that Jared had decreed for his father, should now be meted out to him.

Akish did not know what fear was, but he could ill brook delay. He sat in his great stone chamber and essayed a dozen tasks only to throw them aside and listen impatiently, as the afternoon lengthened into night. When the heavy tread of his accomplices resounded in the corridor, he could have shouted with relief.

"How goes it?" he questioned sharply, as the men filed into the room.

"It is done," answered Simon.

"How?"

"With twenty wounds, Chief," broke in one of the followers.

"We went in and mingled with the people as he sat high upon his throne, and when the petitioners for justice had all gone, and he started to descend, we stabbed him. Our men watched the entrances so we would not be interrupted in our work."

"And the proof?"

"Behold, my Lord," Simon threw back his cloak and held up by the hair the ghastly trophy, but it was not this gruesome spectacle that froze the look of horror on the face of Akish.

Instinctively he looked in the other direction to behold Aida, clad in her night robes, in the doorway. Whether or not she had recognized the head of her father, in the half light of the room, they could not tell, for she turned silently, and they heard the swish of her draperies down the hall.

Confusion fell upon the retainers, and Akish, shaking as if he had the ague, said, "I did not mean for her to see that. Get out of my sight."

If they had any doubts they were soon dissipated, for Aida shut herself up in her apartments, and for three days her screams resounded through the palace. On the third day, Akish commanded her to appear at a banquet, for he dared not face her alone. She came and sat stony-faced at the board.

During the coronation ceremonies which followed, when Akish sat in her father's place, and she, on his right hand, was crowned queen, neither of them ever mentioned Jared's name.

Not until her son Ether was born some months later did Aida smile again, and somehow, because Akish was his father, the little newcomer renewed the bond between them.

IV.—Reaping the Whirlwind.

Beyond the initial step, Aida had taken no part in Akish's crimes. When he attained the throne, she thought that his violence must cease, but his increased power only offered him more opportunities to sate his lust for wickedness. Because his honor was bound up with his queen, as well as for her innate charm, Akish had cared more for her than he did for anybody. But, steeped with satiety, he constantly sought new sensations; and, as he grew more brutish, Aida's influence with him waned. His crimes became more vicious, and he reveled in blood-shed, until the people called him monster, and prayed for a liberator.

Their eyes turned naturally to the tyrant's eldest son, Ether, now grown to splendid manhood, who through his mother, had kingly blood in his veins. The old king saw with jealous eyes how the populace loved his son, and despised him, and his hate knew no bounds. He incarcerated Ether in prison, and gradually starved him to death.

His mother, who could stand no more, left the monster, and retired to her desert castle to mourn. Nimrah, her second son, fearful that his father's wrath would now fall on him, fled with a few followers to Omer at Ablom.

Not to please a paramour but to punish Aida for leaving him, Akish yielded to the importunities of one of his favorites, a vulgar, blase woman and flaunted her openly at the palace.

It is said that the reason the criminal always gets caught is

because he stands out against organized society; nay, more than that, he is fighting the law of the universe, progression. As soon as a man impairs his own usefulness, or injures his fellow men, he becomes a clog to block her advancement, and nature is going to crush him. She has no use for weaklings, but on the useful worker she will lavish power a hundredfold.

The debased debauchee had become a menace, so the immutable laws prepared to destroy him. Grief-stricken over the death of his brother, and smarting under this latest insult offered to his mother, Gilead, the third son, arose in wrath, and declared war against his father. Thousands in the kingdom, who nursed grievances, rallied to his support. So Aida saw her own flesh and blood arrayed against their father. Deep as she had drunk of the bitter draught of sorrow, she was destined yet to drain it to the dregs.

As befitted her mood, the queen had retired to a bleak castle, partly in ruins and surrounded for miles by barren cactus. Bats lurked in its turrets, and the wind claimed its ancient towers for its own. The nation had risen in arms, and when rumors of battle reached their retreat nothing would do but that Aida's youngest son, a boy of fifteen, must sally forth to join his brothers on the field. In vain did his mother plead; he was obdurate. Finally with trembling fingers she fastened the armor on his stripling limbs, kissed him, and let him go. After that the queen of tragedy haunted the edge of the battlefield like a vampire, until they brought her baby boy in dying upon his shield. Then her already tottering reason gave way, and she went stark mad. A few hours later, when they placed the fair, slender body in the sepulchre, his mother was a raving maniac.

All the tragedies of her life were babbled forth in the drivel of the insane. One night, under cover of a storm, she escaped from her keepers. The next morning they found her body in the well, but, whether blinded by the rain, she had stumbled over the curbing and been plunged by accident into the pit, or had sought to drown her troubles in the Lethean waters of suicide, they did not know.

Couriers carried the news of the queen's death to the king. It stirred the remnant of feeling left in him, but his last hold on life was gone. Scarce had the messengers ceased speaking when the guard from the watch tower broke in to say that the legions

were advancing on the citadel. Then a captain came to report that the soldiers had been bribed by the enemy. Hated by his own followers, with half-hearted officers who knew they were on the losing side, with fear written on every countenance, Akish realized that he had lost, before the enemy had raised a spear.

"At least we'll die with harness on our back," and he motioned for an attendant to get down his armor from the wall, and, as the boy's hands shook, he kicked him for a coward, and he fastened the straps himself. He ordered his chariot, and when seated on high, the gates were thrown back. Like a bull who charges the toreadors, he glanced over the plain, which, as far as the eye could see, was alive with plumed warriors. His whip sang out over the heads of the horses, and, undaunted to the end, he plunged into the maelstrom to his death.

(THE END.)



LATTER-DAY SAINTS CHOIR, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

The Copenhagen choir under the leadership of Elder Alvin L. Olsen is doing good work, according to President O. J. Anderson of the Copenhagen office, and is a great help in the promulgation of the gospel.

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers.

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow.

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW.

IX.

In the September and October issues, the dates were inadvertently given as in April instead of May. We left the Pioneers near Scott's Bluff on the Platt in our last account, on May 27. In continuance of his journal, Elder Erastus Snow records:

May 28th. Rather cool weather today. Sky overcast with clouds; moderate rain during the forenoon, so that we did not start until nearly noon and travelled twelve and one half miles, following the course of the river which has been nearly north.

29th. Cool and cloudy; wind northeast. Rained a little this forenoon. We remained in our [camping] place. About noon, the president called the camp together and admonished us, with much feeling and spirit, because of growing evil in our midst and spirits cherished by many that were calculated to involve us in the snares of the devil. He said that now that we were driven forth from among the Gentiles so that the devils could not harass us by [means of] them, they [the devils] were now more vigilant in stirring up strife and in introducing various evils among ourselves to draw away our minds from the things of God. He said that there was, with many in camp, an excess of amusement, such as dancing, scuffling, card-playing, checkers, dominos, etc., besides loud laughing, loud talking, telling funny stories, and finding fault with one another, all of which would lead their minds away from the Lord to the neglect of their prayers and other duties; and if these things were suffered in this Church and carried out to their ultimate limits, they would lead to insubordination and rebellion against the Priesthood, and to dissensions, and finally to organized bands like the Gadiantons of old, to destroy the pure in heart. We are the pioneers for the whole camp of Isreal going, like Abraham, by faith, knowing not whither we go, to seek a home for the Saints

where the Lord has promised to locate a stake of Zion. This place we never would find, for the Lord would not lead us, so long as these spirits ruled in our hearts, and he would not proceed any further unless they forthwith turned unto the Lord with all their hearts and put away the devils from their midst; whereupon we all, with one voice, beginning with the Twelve, the High Priests and Bishops, Elders, Seventies, and members, entered into a covenant to return unto the Lord with all our hearts and cease these things, and appointed tomorrow, Sunday, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. At one o'clock we started and travelled eight and one half miles, and camped for Sunday a little above the mouth of a small prairie creek. The fruits of our morning's lecture were clearly seen. A very different spirit brooded over the camp.

30th. This morning at 8 o'clock was held a general meeting for prayers, confessions, and exhortations, and at 10 o'clock, for the sacrament. The Lord seemed to accept the offerings of our hearts, and poured out his Spirit upon us. About noon I accompanied the Twelve and a few others to a retired place in the bluff, where we presented ourselves before the Lord in a prayer circle, and felt our spirits greatly refreshed by the manifestation of his blessings upon us. About 6 o'clock we took our glasses and ascended the highest point within our reach, which was about three miles northwest of camp, where, near the time of the setting of the sun, we viewed the surrounding country. Chimney-rock was still visible down the river, and the towering heights of the long range of the Black Hills above us. To the north and northeast of us, the country was little else than sand hills, as far as the eye could see. After gratifying our eyes, the president proposed prayers upon this the highest ground we have stood upon. After bowing before the Lord upon these heights, we descended, and returned to camp at dark, weary in body, and retired to rest, satisfied with the proceedings of the day.

Monday, the 31st. We travelled sixteen and one half miles over a barren country, the last four miles being deep sand, and camped on quite a large creek that came winding its way from the bluffs through this sandy bottom to the river. Here we find grass spindling up, but very thin.

June 1st. Very warm and pleasant, yesterday and today. We are beginning to find a little timber, chiefly a small growth

of cottonwoods, thinly scattered along the islands and riverbanks. This I believe is the first we have seen on this side of the river, except one or two cedar shrubs, since the 11th of May; buffalo chips and driftwood being our only fuel, good in dry but poor in wet weather. Today, we have travelled twelve miles, and are now camped opposite Fort Laramie, a little above the mouth of the Laramie river which comes in from the south, and on which the fort is situated about two miles from the Platte. Here we have to cross the river on account of the Black Hills projecting abruptly into the river, a little above us, which are impassable for wagons. The river is generally fordable here, but the mountain freshets render it necessary for us to ferry. We have been in hopes that we should find here the small company of Saints who came up from Mississippi, last summer, who, when they learned that the main camp had stopped to winter on the Missouri, turned south, and wintered at Fort Pueblo, two hundred and fifty miles south of this place, where also a detachment of the Mormon Battalion wintered, which we somewhat expected would also meet us here. This evening we have had a visit from two brethren who report to us that they and a few families at the fort have been waiting for us sixteen days, and that when they left Pueblo, the rest of the Mississippi company, and the soldiers, were expecting to start about the first of June.

2nd. Today a coal pit is on fire within our circle, and three portable blacksmith shops in operation; smiths shoeing horses, repairing wagons, etc. The use of a very good flat boat, owned by the fur company, has been secured for our company for the sum of fifteen dollars.

3rd. Today Elder A. Lyman has started with three others on horseback with dispatches to Pueblo. We are busily engaged in crossing the river. Some horsemen just arrived at the fort from St. Joseph, Missouri, and reported five thousand emigrants and two thousand wagons on the road who will probably begin to arrive here tomorrow.

4th. A heavy storm of wind and rain yesterday afternoon caused a cessation in our ferrying, so that our teams were not all over until about 9 o'clock this morning. We started directly up the south bank of the Platte; and, passing some low sand ridges, we descended a steep hill on to a low bottom eight miles from the fort, where we found good feed and camped for the night.

5th. After travelling a few miles we came in sight of where the river forces a passage through a defile in a high range of the Black Hills, where we were compelled to leave the river and, taking a circuitous route over a rough and hilly road, we struck the bed of a creek and followed up the same until noon where our trail intersected the main Oregon road. We soon ascended a steep hill on to a gently undulating plain, and found a good road, struck a dry bed of cottonwood creek, followed it up until we found wood and water and good feed, and halted for Sunday, having travelled seventeen miles. Here we found a small party of emigrants, eleven wagons, only, bound for St. Mary's river.

6th. This morning they moved on, and their pilot, who was acquainted with the road, informed us that after following up this creek a few miles we should leave it and find no more water for about a day's drive. We therefore thought it wisdom to move on a few miles so that we could with ease make the next point tomorrow, but we remained in our place, had an interesting and profitable meeting, and about three o'clock p. m. we gathered our teams and moved up the creek five miles, and camped near the small company who had preceded us. A half mile in our rear also camped another party of Oregon emigrants, numbering nineteen wagons who came up with us today.

7th. We continued gradually to ascend through a bottom, following the course of a dry creek nine and one half miles on to the heights which commanded an interesting view of an extensive landscape. Here we were opposite the principal peak of the Black Hills, some ten or fifteen miles southwest of us, which appeared to be still partly covered with snow. From these heights we descended three and one half miles to Willow Creek, and found a fine camping place.

8th. Today our road has been little else than up hill and down, yet smooth. This forenoon I had the ill luck to break a wagon tire which, however, Brother Frost welded together and fixed during our noon halt without detaining the camp. We travelled fifteen and one half miles, and camped all night on Big Timber Creek. A company of traders from Fort Bridger, bound for the Missouri, has camped near us.

9th. We reached Alapier Creek, a distance of nineteen miles. About twenty of our best teams, and some horsemen, left us this morning and are in advance of us, being sent to the crossing of the

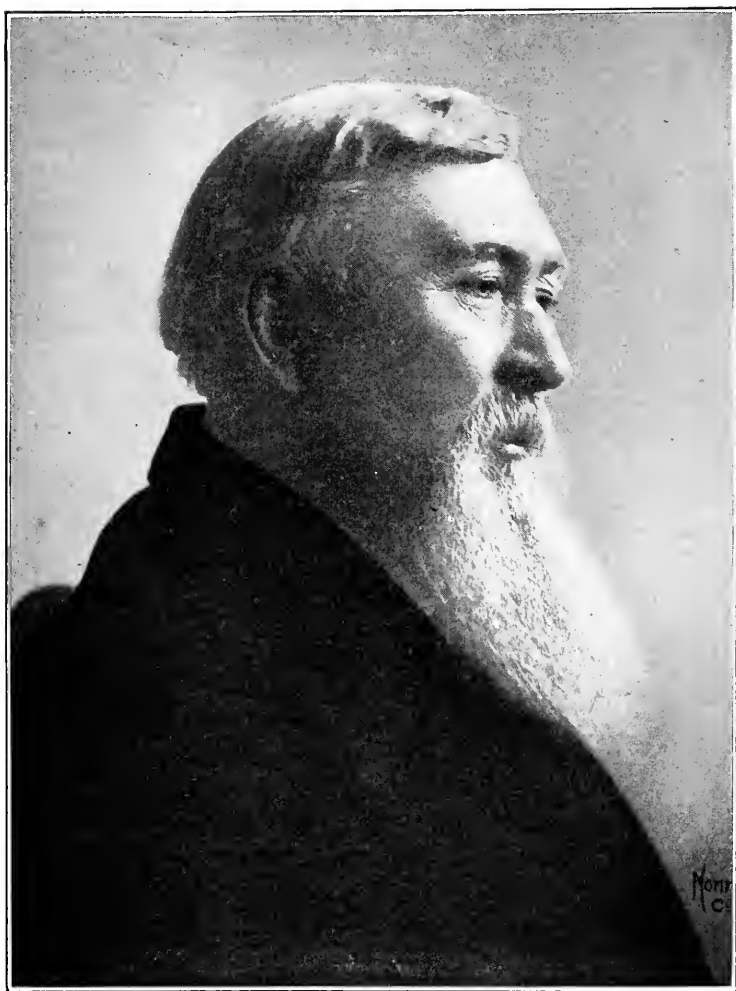
Platt to make some preparations for crossing. We were overtaken today by five mountaineers with about twenty horses and pack mules, direct from Sante Fe, bound for Green River. They report that the Mormon Battallion crossed the mountains and went on to California, last winter, and that the detachment at Fort Pueblo will soon be on our track.

(To be Continued.)

Sources.

I passed a stagnant marsh that lay
 Beneath a reeking scum of green,
A loathsome puddle by the way;
 No sorrier pool was ever seen.
I thought: "How lost to all things pure
 And clean and white those foul depths be!"
Next day from out that pond obscure
 Two queenly lilies laughed at me.

I passed a hovel 'round whose door
 The signs of penury were strewn;
I saw the grimed and littered floor,
 The walls of logs from tree-trunks hewn.
I said: "The gates of life are shut
 To those within that wretched pen;"
But, lo! from out that lowly hut
 Came one to rule the world of men.—
 Strickland W. Gillilan, in SUCCESS.



PRESIDENT JOHN HENRY SMITH.

Born September 18, 1848, died October 13, 1911.

Some of the Activities of President John Henry Smith.

Born at Carburnca, near Kaneshville, now Council Bluffs, Pottawama County, Iowa, September 18, 1848.

Reached Salt Lake City with his father's family October 27, 1849.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, September 18, 1856, by his father.

Received a patriarchal blessing January 18, 1852, by Patriarch John Smith, which became the guiding star of his subsequent life.

Received his schooling at Provo and Salt Lake City, obtaining a moderately good education for the times.

Miraculously escaped drowning June 8, 1862, in Provo river, while crossing in a small boat which capsized.

Married Sarah Farr, daughter of Lorin Farr, October 20, 1866.

Was chosen as counsellor to Bishop W. A. Follett of Provo, 4th ward, in the summer of 1867.

With Benson, Farr and West, he aided in the completion of two hundred miles of Central Pacific Railway, prior to the entrance of the road, in 1869.

Was assistant clerk of the House of Representatives of the Territorial Legislature, of 1872, acting in that capacity also in the Constitutional Convention.

Filled a mission to Europe, leaving Ogden, June 29, 1874, reaching New York, July 4, and Liverpool, July 26. He labored in the Birmingham Conference most of the time, and subsequently visited most of the conferences in Great Britain. In 1875, with President Joseph F. Smith, visited Denmark, Germany, Switzerland and France. He was called home in July, 1875, to the sick-bed of his father, George Albert Smith, who died September 1, 1875; and from that time was in the employ of the Utah Central Railway for several years.

On November 22, 1875, was ordained a High Priest and Bishop by President Brigham Young, and set apart to preside over the 17th ward, Salt Lake City.

On February 18, 1876, he was elected a member of the City Council from the 3rd precinct, serving as a councilman six years altogether.

In April, 1877, he married Josephine Groesbeck.

He was ordained an apostle, October 27, 1880, by President Wilford Woodruff.

In October, 1882, he was sent to preside over the European mission, being absent from home two years and five months, and travelled extensively in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, visiting also the Isle of

Man, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. On his return he labored incessantly among the stakes of Zion, organizing and instructing the Saints.

In March, 1895, he was chosen president of the Constitutional Convention which formed the constitution under which Utah was admitted as a state to the Union, January, 1896.

In 1899 he made a tour of the Southern States Mission.

For several sessions he attended as a delegate the Irrigation and Trans-Mississippi Congresses; in 1900, visiting Houston, Texas, and later making a trip to Mexico.

He was sustained April 6, and set apart as second counsellor in the First Presidency, April 7, 1910.

In the course of his ministry he visited every stake of Zion, and many of them several times over.

He died October 13, 1911. "He was beloved, beloved by all." Funeral services were held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, October 17, 1911, and he lies buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

On October 16, 1911, Ex-governor Alvah Adams of Colorado paid a splendid tribute to John Henry Smith and Brigham Young in the session of the Dry Farming Congress, at Colorado Springs.

In Memoriam, John Henry Smith.

(For the IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

Another son hath joined the caravan,
Gone by the threshold with a noiseless tread;
His crown of years is settled on his head;
The heaven's gain, we lose a noble man.

Those eyes, that through an outer dross could see
The spark of good that hidden lies within,
Are closed upon a world of toil and sin,
To see the light of immortality.

His voice, that gripped the heart unto his own,
E'en by the power of its subtle thrill,
To nameless sorrowing souls is hushed and still,
To awake an echo in that better home.

A beacon light is gone out, in the earth;
Though happily this brief span is not the end;
We know we'll meet our genial, loyal friend
There in the sphere of our primeval birth.

LOUIS W. LARSON.

Some Impressions of Utah.

BY MILLER PURVIS.

[The author is one of the most noted writers in the United States on poultry subjects. He lived formerly in the East, but recently has come to live in Idaho. He is in close touch with Prof. George M. Turpin, professor of poultry husbandry, of the State Agricultural College of Utah, and visited Logan in early October of this year. Just what kind of an impression Cache Valley and the college made on him is set forth in this little inspirational writing which he sends from his home in Idaho, to Prof. Turpin who has courteously, and through the kindness of President John A. Widtsoe, sent it to the ERA for publication. It is a fair tribute to Utah and her people from one on the outside, and while we believe that many of our visitors feel just as Mr. Purvis does, few of their views ever get into print. It is therefore a great pleasure to give place in the THE ERA to Mr. Purvis' impressions of Utah.—*Editors.*]

I have just visited Cache Valley. My visit to that beautiful country has convinced me more firmly than ever that the blood of martyrs is not shed in vain. I am not a Mormon but I am descended from those who were willing to give up kin and country because they believed in the inalienable right of every human being to call upon his God in his own way. Two of my ancestors having come over in the Mayflower, another having fled from England to escape the "bloody assizes" of Judge Jeffries and another having come over with Roger Williams, the Quaker.

As I stood on the roof of the Agricultural College buildings and looked across the wide, green valley the scene started a train of thought that kept running through my mind in spite of the things that occupied my attention while I was a visitor in the valley.

It came to me then that it was true that the blood of martyrs is not spent in vain. My mind went back in history to that night in the jail at Carthage, Illinois, when Joseph Smith was foully murdered by fanatics of the same kind that hung some innocent Quaker maidens yonder in Salem, so long ago, because of their religion. I was impressed with the fact that if Nauvoo had remained the gathering place of the "Mormon" church, Cache Valley would yet be a waste, and its fertile soil would yet lie idle in the sun, yielding nothing that would advance the steps of the progress of the world. That magnificent Agricultural College would not have been built, those Stakes in Zion that dot the landscape would

not have been established, those wide fields, yellow with the stubble of a rich harvest, or green with the pasturage of cattle, would still be sage brush wastes, and silence would reign where now the busy hum of industry makes the air vibrant with the music to which the world sets its step—the Anthem of Labor, that makes for advance.

Beneath me was the mill, at which men grind that knowledge may increase, and that the young men and women who are not satisfied with the Things that Are, may come here to sit at the feet of Wisdom, that they may learn to bring about the day of Things that Should be.

He who believes in God must believe in inspiration, else our ideas of God mean nothing. In every age men have been inspired to take steps that

“Like ripples that at the sea-margin commence,
Stir the world's currents a hundred years hence.”

Not in vain was that awful journey into the wilderness made; not in vain did men and women suffer hardships that can never be described, in their search for a place where they might rear their temples and worship their God in peace. One must lack all that devoutness means if he thinks that it was accident that brought those men and women to Salt Lake Valley and caused them to stop and say: “Here we rest.” Lonely, remote, a desert surrounded by barren mountains, it must have required the light of inspiration to cause men to decide that this was a good place to drive deep their stakes and try to build up homes.

The first time I ever saw Utah we came down from the barren heights beyond Provo, in a driving snow storm. From the storm as we dropped down into the valley we came to sunshine and flowers. Peaceful, prosperous homes and wide fertile farms. Then down the valley of the Jordon to that splendid city set in the valley, with its green trees and silvery streams along the streets, only to turn west at Ogden and enter once more the wasted country. It was long after this before I saw Cache Valley but it was worth waiting for.

I begin to think that we read prophecy wrong. It is promised that to the elect shall come tribute from all nations. I am afraid we have a habit of thinking of this as a militant tribute, wrung from the unwilling hands of conquered peoples. As I looked across that valley I was told that the milk from the condensaries of Cache Valley goes to the ends of the earth, and it was impressed on me

that the day of tribute-paying had come. but not in the militant way. It had come through the peaceful art of husbandry, willingly paid, because from this valley goes to the ends of the earth products that give people comfort and strength, and the glory of the Lord is brighter because of this bloodless fulfilment of the prophecies of old.

I have always had considerable respect for my crude forefathers who braved the vicissitudes of pioneering on the rock-bound coasts of New England. Of course they knew nothing of the richer and more fertile country to the west, but if they had not had stout hearts and abiding faith, they would have heaved the anchor of the Mayflower and returned. So I feel a deep respect for those who left the fertile reaches of Illinois, and pushed across the rocky barrier that enclosed the valley which they came to call home and name "Deseret." They have bravely changed the meaning of that name. Once it signified barrenness, now it stands for all the meaning that can be got out of fertility and the riches that lie hidden in Mother Earth.

I saw the big yielding cows, the heavy crops, the splendid fruits that Cache Valley produces; I saw the good men and the grand women, the young men and maidens who come up from every part of the state, and from other states, to learn how to make the land more productive and the home more pleasant, and I thought how good it was to have the privilege of living in these days. It also occurred to me that we do not properly appreciate the labors of the men who worked for a small wage to educate our young people. Every one of them is capable of going into the marts of trade and laying up treasure for himself, yet they willingly, gladly take up the labor of teaching that the world may be better. I hope the people of Utah look upon them as real missionaries doing God's work, as fully and as acceptably as they would if they were traveling in far lands seeking converts. As I have said, I am a "Gentile." I am afraid some of the "Gentiles" look upon me as a heretic, because I am willing to give every man the same privilege that I claim for myself, to call upon the Lord in my own way and fashion. I believe firmly in religion but not much in creeds. I am free to say that my respect for the "Mormons" whom I have met is as great as my respect for these of other creeds. It seems to me that they must have taken for their motto these words:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust him for his grace;

Behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face."

"These are they who have come up through great tribulations," the angel told St. John. I have seen the descendants of the same people and the result of their tribulations. They have gone to their reward, but their children live, and it may be said of these children: "Their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are paths of peace." He who does not believe this should visit Cache Valley.

SUNNYCREST RANCH, WENDELL, IDAHO.

Dawn.

(For the IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

The world is glad today, Lenore;
Awake from out thy dream!
The silver stars are paling o'er
The meadow hill and stream.

The morning sips with laughing lips
The dewdrop from the lawn,
The mountain dips his silver tips
Into the flood of dawn.

My heart is glad today, Lenore.
From out your deep blue eye.
A dawn of love is stealing o'er
Me, like a bright sunrise;

And in its ray my joy is full!
How could my heart be sad,
Now all the earth is beautiful,
And all the world is glad.

Yes, both our hearts are glad, Lenore
Beyond our dream of youth;
For lo, the night is fled before
The golden dawn of truth.

Our paths no more shall wind apart,
The light has made us free;
And love shall bind us heart to heart,
Through all eternity.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

The Church Schools.

Their Development and Present Condition.

BY SUPT. HORACE H. CUMMINGS.

As an initiatory article for this new department of *THE ERA*, nothing would be more appropriate, perhaps, than a sketch of the development and present conditions of the Church schools, and a statement of some of the reasons for their maintenance.

Since "Intelligence is the glory of God," it is not surprising that the Church, from almost its very beginning, has maintained the best schools that circumstances would permit. A revelation, given as early as June, 1831—the year after the Church was organized, with only six members, commands Wm. W. Phelps and Oliver Cowdery "to do the work of printing and selecting and writing books for schools of this Church, that little children also may receive instruction before me, as is pleasing unto me."

Another revelation, under date of Aug., 1833, says: "Behold I say unto you concerning the school in Zion, I the Lord am well pleased that there should be a school in Zion."

The first issue of *The Morning and Evening Star*, June, 1832, shows the importance attached to proper education at that time:

"The deciples should lose no time in preparing schools for their children, that they may be taught as is pleasing unto the Lord, and brought up in the ways of holiness. Those appointed to select and prepare books for the use of schools, will attend to that subject as soon as more weighty matters are furnished. But the parents and guardians in the Church of Christ need not wait—it is all-important that to become good they should be taught good."

An "Elders' School" was established in Kirtland in January, 1835, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, to prepare the elders for the ministry, though there were taught, besides, the subject of theology, "the sciences of penmanship, arithmetic, English grammar and geography." In a report of this school by Wm. E. McLellan, one of the principal teachers, he says: "The school has been conducted under the immediate care and inspection of Joseph Smith, Jr., Frederick G. Williams, Sidney Rigdon, and Oliver Cowdery, trustees." The school was first opened for both large and small to attend, but it became so overcrowded in three weeks,

that it was deemed necessary to dismiss the smaller children, and only the ones desiring to study the above subjects were retained. About one hundred and thirty students attended this school.

In the winter of 1835-6, a Hebrew school was established in Kirtland, a Mr. Joshua Seixas being the teacher. He was paid \$320. for a seven-weeks' term of school. The prophet Joseph had a great taste for languages, and studied both Greek and Hebrew. He remarked, "It seemed that the Lord opened our minds in a marvelous manner to understand his word in the original languages." Other branches were also taught, a singing school being an important department.

The Saints, in settling Nauvoo, early turned their attention to education, and established a number of common schools. A charter for the University of the City of Nauvoo was signed by Governor Thomas Carlin, December 16, 1840. These schools were attended by the Prophet and other leading brethren as well as by the children of the Saints.

So thoroughly impressed with the necessity of obtaining all the education possible were the Saints, before coming to Utah, that when they were collected in the Old Fort, in their first winter, 1847-8, they established a school with Miss Mary Jane Dilworth, as the first lady teacher, and Julian Moses as the first male teacher. The former afterwards married F. A. Hammond, and went with him on a mission to the Sandwich Islands where she also taught school. Elder Moses taught school at intervals in Salt Lake county for many years.

On February 28, about two and one half years after the pioneers arrived in Utah, the Legislature passed an act incorporating the "University of the State of Deseret," now called the University of Utah. A system of elementary schools was also established, with the hearty support of Brigham Young, the first governor of Utah.

The Brigham Young Academy was founded at Provo, Oct. 16, 1875, and the Brigham Young College, at Logan, in 1877, the latter being endowed with a valuable tract of land. During the next decade, a system of Stake Academies, or high schools, and Ward Seminaries, or elementary schools, was established by the Church under the supervision of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, the first General Superintendent of Church Schools. The Seminaries, however, did not continue many years, because of the inability of the Church

to maintain schools for so vast a number of children, and the state had in the meantime greatly improved the public schools and made them free. The Academies persisted better, though during the difficulties through which the Church passed, from 1885 to 1895, many of them were obliged to discontinue.

Since that time, some of them have resumed, and new ones have been established. The following table shows the names, location, enrollment, and approximate annual cost, of each Church school, as taken from the annual statistical and financial reports for the school year 1910-11:

	NAME	LOCATION	ENROLL- MENT	TEACH- ERS	COST
1.	B. Y. University.....	Provo.....	Utah 1419	85	\$ 81,255.34
2.	B. Y. College.....	Logan.....	" 704	32	31,025.15
3.	L. D. S. University....	Salt Lake City..	" 1224	47	66,953.61
4.	Weber Academy.....	Ogden.....	" 492	21	21,763.46
5.	Snow Academy.....	Ephraim.....	" 313	14	14,333.95
6.	Murdock.....	Beaver.....	" 228	11	13,050.00
7.	Emery Stake Academy..	Castle Dale....	" 151	7	6,197.00
8.	Uintah Stake Academy..	Vernal.....	" 197	8	5,324.60
9.	Millard Stake Academy..	Hinckley.....	" 171	7	6,532.40
10.	Summit Stake Academy..	Coalville.....	" 97	4	4,395.00
11.	St. George Academy...	St. George...{	Opened Sept. 1911}	99	5
12.	Ricks Academy.....	Rexburg.....	Idaho 260	13	14,348.69
13.	Fielding.....	Paris.....	" 216	12	12,525.10
14.	Oneida Stake Academy..	Preston.....	" 265	13	10,212.00
15.	Cassia Stake Academy..	Oakley.....	Idaho 113	6	4,554.20
16.	Thatcher Stake Acad....	Thatcher.....	Ariz. 197	8	8,748.48
17.	St. John Stake Acad....	St. John.....	" 84	5	4,416.30
18.	Snowflake Stake Acad....	Snowflake.....	" 128	6	5,738.53
19.	San Luis Stake Acad....	Manassa.....	Col. 167	7	6,785.23
20.	Knight Stake Acad....	Raymond.....	Canada 227	7	6,595.42
21.	Big Horn Stake Acad....	Cowley.....	Wyo. 133	4	3,687.50
22.	Juarez Stake Academy..	Col. Juarez....	Mex. 468	17	12,404.10
23.	Juarez Seminary.....	" Juarez.....	"		
24.	Dublan Seminary.....	" Dublan.....	" 294	8	2,833.30
25.	Diaz Seminary.....	" Diaz.....	" 207	5	1,982.00
26.	Morelos Seminary.....	" Morelos....	" 201	5	2,629.11
27.	Pacheco Seminary.....	" Pacheco....	" 127	3	964.77
28.	Chuchupa Seminary....	" Chuchupa..	" 84	2	833.00
29.	Garcia Seminary.....	" Garcia.....	" 103	3	1,060.00
30.	Oaxaca Seminary.....	" Oaxaca.....	" 51	1	120.00
31.	Guadalupe Seminary....	" Guadalupe..	" 25	1	250.00
32.	San Jose Seminary....	" San Jose....	" 85	2	116.31

NOTE—On account of the war in Mexico the statistics from some of the Seminaries are estimated from last year's report, this year's report not having reached us.

The schools of the Church are now being maintained in the midst of most excellent free public schools, for the express purpose of teaching the young people the principles of the gospel, and faith in the Lord,—an object that the public schools do not attempt.

They were founded on the principle that the religious instincts of the child are as necessary to his welfare as are those of the intellect and the will; whence, it follows that they should receive the same care and training, and be given equal opportunity to develop and exert their due influence on his life, as the others receive.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the moral and religious qualities can be neglected during the entire school life of the child, while the intellect receives the entire attention of the teacher, under the theory that religious truth is so different from other truth, that it will dawn upon him without effort at maturity, and bring forth its beneficent results in life.

One of the most unfortunate errors of modern society is its strong differentiation of truth into secular and religious truth, and then causing its schools to say to the latter: "We have no need of thee." True morality, which society pretends to desire so strongly, cannot be successfully impressed upon character except through the religious instincts, yet, sad to admit, a Christian nation has become so divided on the teachings of Christ that all mention of his doctrines are excluded from the public schools. The school superintendents of our largest cities have instructed their teachers to have no mention of the Savior in their Christmas programs. Think of a Christless Christmas! As valueless as a footless stocking, without any leg.

But we are in society, and must treat it as real, not ideal. Under existing conditions, the introduction of religion into public schools would no doubt do more harm than good, and society, in leaving to the home and Church the task of teaching religion to the children, has probably done the best it could do. But neither of these institutions can do the work in such a way as to equal the work done in schools. Few homes can give any systematic instructions at all, to say nothing of five hours a day.

The hour usually given to religious training by the churches, on Sunday, it seems to the writer, only serves to widen, in the child's mind, the difference between the two kinds of truth, greatly to the disadvantage of the neglected one. Religious truth is taught only on a special day, by a special, though often unskilled, teacher, under special circumstances, in a different place, with a different method; and, like the Sunday clothes, it seems to be designed for use only on special show occasions.

Think of the psychological difference to the child when the gospel's truths are taught by the same teacher,—in the same place, at the same time, and with the same methods, and under the same conditions, as the truths of history, science and mathematics! As soon would the child question the truth of the multiplication table or the law of gravitation, as those of the Sermon on the Mount. If society really understood and believed the latter, as well as they do the former, what a change there would be for the better!

This comparison is not made to cast reproach upon the public schools, nor to belittle their most valuable work. They teach in a most effectual way some most important truths, but not all that children need; and we would gladly check the modern trend among educators to exclude more and more of the religious element from the public schools. Schools are costly institutions, and children are numerous, especially among the Latter-day Saints; yet, as many Church schools as possible are being maintained, and have been from the beginning, and they have most assuredly acted in many ways as the leaven that leavened the lump, in keeping alive the spirit and knowledge of the gospel among the young people.

President William H. Taft began an extended trip through the west, on September 15. The circuit was to include a distance of about 13,000 miles, through 24 states, over 26 railroads. He was to make speeches in more than a hundred cities. The President visited Utah,

October 5, and was received with enthusiasm by the citizens of the capital and of the state who had come to conference and the Fair in Salt Lake City. He spoke at 10 a. m. to a large audience of old folks at the Tabernacle, on peace, being much impressed with the pioneers and their reception of him. He spoke, again at the fair grounds, at 3 p. m., reviewed the live stock, and "took in" the big state show. Receptions of various kinds, commercial and political, were freely accorded him, and at night, tired but much pleased, he left to continue his journey west. Of his speech in the Tabernacle, President Joseph F. Smith later stated publicly that he endorsed every



PRESIDENT WM. H. TAFT, and GOVERNOR WM. SPRY.

word of it, and hoped that the newspapers would print it in full, for everybody to read.

Reasons for Opposition to the Latter-Day Saints.*

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

I desire to express our feeling of welcome and good cheer to all the Latter-day Saints who have assembled here this morning for the opening session of our Conference. We are glad to see you, and we thank you for your presence here, for we feel that your presence is an evidence of the interest that you feel in our Conference, and in the great work of human redemption, in which you and we all are and should be earnestly engaged. It is a matter of congratulation, I think, to the Latter-day Saints that they are led by a spirit that inclines their thoughts, their minds and hearts towards the performance and accomplishment of the duties and responsibilities that rest upon them, and I take it as an evidence of your good faith, and of your fervent belief and feeling in the cause in which we are engaged, that you are present here today. I hope and pray that the Spirit of the Lord, the spirit of wisdom and of eternal truth, may pervade all the sessions of this Conference, including the meetings or gatherings of the various organizations which will hold their conventions during the time of the Conference. I hope that those who shall address the people may be led by the Spirit of God in their remarks, that they may speak words of comfort, of instruction, of wisdom and testimony to the Latter-day Saints regarding the great work of God that has been established in the latter days in the earth. Whatever may be the feeling of those opposed to the work of the Lord, whatever may be the feeling of the unbelieving and scornful, and those that are contemptuous toward the work of the Lord, let the spirit of wisdom, of good judgment, of intelligence govern and direct all the acts and labors, and all the thoughts and desires of the Latter-day Saints. It matters but very little to me what men may think of me, or what they may say about me, so long as I can maintain a consciousness of having righteousness in view, of having an earnest

*Opening sermon at the General Conference, Oct. 6, 1911.

desire to do good and not evil: and so long as I am conscious that I am, to the best of my knowledge and understanding, following the dictates of my conscience, and the prompting of the Spirit of the Lord to me in the line of my duty. Yet we often wonder why people are led by such a spirit of bitterness, of animosity and opposition to any people or to any individual whose record in life has been, barring the common weaknesses of common mortality, absolutely above reproach. It is surprising how men can become so vile as to publish and declare slanderous things, falsehoods and misrepresentations with regard to men and people who have never in their lives done any man or woman, or any community of people in the world, any harm; who have never injured a soul, and whose whole life and mission, hopes, labors, and earnest desires have been to benefit the world, and to bless and ameliorate the condition of mankind. It is surprising that such is the case. Such has been the case from the beginning of this work until now, and such will continue to be the case so long as we abide in the truth, and are guided by the spirit of revelation, and have an earnest desire to do good to the children of men, and there are men who are full of wickedness and sin.

It was said away back in the early days, in the State of Missouri, by the leaders of the persecution against the Saints there, that all they desired was that the "Mormons," or the Latter-day Saints, should discard their idea of revelation from God in this dispensation; that they should renounce their faith in Prophets and their claim to the Apostleship, and to the restoration of the Holy Priesthood; that they should scatter abroad, cease to organize, and to maintain their organization, and become "like the rest of us." That was all that they demanded in that early day, and it is a very true and correct index to the feelings of our enemies that has existed ever since, to the present time. Men are moved by some influence, some spirit—judge ye what the nature of that spirit or influence is—to try with all their power to demoralize, debase and sow the seeds of unbelief, the seeds of corruption, error, lack of faith, and desire to do good; to sow the seeds of disruption in the hearts of the people called Latter-day Saints, in order that their desire might be accomplished, that they should become "like the rest of them," like the rest of the world, and what is the difference? The difference is simply this: We believe just as the best Christians, or so-called believers in Christ in the world believe, that

Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God; that He is the Saviour of the world; that He is the Redeemer of men from sin and from death unto life; and there is no people, whatever their profession may be, that believe in Christ more firmly, more perfectly, more confidently, than do the Latter-day Saints, but where is the difference? The difference, so far as that belief is concerned, is this; that the world say all that is necessary is to believe and you will be saved, but the Latter-day Saints declare that it is simply a mockery for men to say they believe in Christ, and refuse to do the works that He did; it is simply folly; it is unChristian; it is inconsistent for men to say that all that is necessary for men is to believe in Christ and they shall be saved, when Christ Himself declared that He required all men to do the works that He did, and to keep the commandments that He gave unto them. This is the difference. We believe that it is necessary to do the work that He did. We believe it is necessary to implicitly obey His commands and to follow in His footsteps, to emulate His example to the best of our ability, that we may become more and more like unto Him. Now, so far as that is concerned, wherein is man injured? Who is hurt? Who in any sense of the word sustains any wrong at the hands of a people who believe in doing the works that were commanded of the Lord, and in following in His footsteps? Who is wronged by it? But the trouble is just as the Savior said: "If the light had not come, then would ye have been without condemnation." But this is the condemnation of the world, the light has come into the world, and the world loves darkness more than it does the light. That is the condemnation, and there is where the shoe pinches. And what is the difference? We believe in the Prophet Joseph Smith; we believe that the Lord God Almighty raised up that boy and made him a Prophet, a Seer and a Revelator, and that through him, or that instrumentality, the Lord Almighty has restored to men the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is indeed the power of God unto salvation. The world don't believe it. They are welcome to their belief, whether it be belief or unbelief. We are not here as censors upon the judgment or belief of the children of men. We are not here to bring any railing accusations against men for their belief. Let them believe and worship how, where and what they may. That is their prerogative. But we object to their bringing railing accusations against our belief and our faith.

We think that we should have the same privilege and liberty to believe as we please, that the world has, and that we accede to the world; and because we believe in Joseph Smith as a Prophet of God, the world is in no wise injured by it, but on the contrary, it is vastly benefited by that belief, at least to the extent that that belief takes hold upon honest men, and brings them to a knowledge of that great truth. What did Joseph reveal? He revealed God in His own person. He revealed, or has been the instrument in the hands of God of revealing to the world, Jesus, the Son of God, in His own person. He has been the instrument in the hands of the Lord of bringing the light to the inhabitants of the world that God lives, that Christ lives, whom to know is life eternal, and whom the world have ignorantly worshipped as a myth, as something that fills the immensity of space, but is indescribable; as something that is almighty and all-powerful and all-present, but without personal existence. Joseph has revealed to the world that Jesus Christ who was crucified and rose again from the dead, is a personal being, in whose likeness and image man is made, or is begotten in the world, and that the Father is a person in exact similitude to the Son. We have the history of the Son, given us by His disciples who sojourned with Him while He was in the mortal flesh; that He was born of His mother, Mary; that He was called the carpenter's son; that He grew to manhood; that He taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and illustrated the example of righteousness, that is the true type for all mankind to imitate and follow; that He possessed power over death, and though they put Him to death, He rose again, and that while His body lay in the tomb, He proclaimed the same Gospel that He preached to the living, to those that were confined in darkness, and banishment from the presence of the Lord, in outer darkness, because of their wickedness while they were in the flesh; and quickened by the Spirit, He went and preached the Gospel to them as He had preached it to the living; and that when he rose and identified Himself beyond the possibility of any doubt to the minds of those who witnessed and saw Him, and knew Him, and afterwards testified of Him to the world, that He was the same that was crucified, bearing the marks of the nails and of the spear in His body; that He was not a spirit; that He was flesh and bone as tangible as man, and that a spirit had not this flesh and bone as He had. He declared this to the world. This same physical, tangible entity

called Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary and the Son of God, in His resurrected body, came to Joseph Smith, revealed Himself to Joseph Smith, the same God, the same Christ, the same Redeemer of the world that was crucified on Calvary, and that God the Father, is like His Son; that it would be inconsistent and impossible for a spirit to beget a man like Christ, and therefore the Father and the Son are the exact resemblance of each other. Joseph revealed this to the world. Who is hurt by it? Who is injured by this fact and by this revelation to the children of men? In what respect is the world worse off for having received this knowledge? I tell you that the world would be better off, a thousand times better off, if they would but consider this truth and receive it in their hearts, and then be guided by the doctrine that Joseph Smith was the instrument in the hands of God of revealing anew to the world.

This, then, is the difference, but wherein are you injuring anybody by it? What wrong are you doing? None whatever. Why should men be embittered against you because of this, because of your belief in Joseph Smith? Why should they become your enemies because you declare your faith in a new revelation from the Father and from the Son to mankind for their guidance? Why should they? Let me tell you why; for the very same reason precisely that the embittered and unbelieving Pharisees and hypocrites of the Savior's time persecuted the Redeemer of earth, for the very reason that they later put to death the disciple of Jesus Christ, whom He ordained as Apostles and as special witnesses of Himself, who bore testimony of Him and of the Gospel to all the nations of the earth. They put them to death one by one, some of them in the most cruel manner, simply because they preached Jesus Christ, and Him crucified and risen from the dead, and ascended into Heaven, and sitting with all glory and power and majesty and might at the right hand of His Father, God. The world felt injured by it. Why? Because it laid the ax at the root of the tree of error, of superstition and of tradition, of lack of faith, and unbelief. It laid the ax at the root of the tree of wickedness in the world, and of ignorance of God and His principles, and the plan of life and salvation, and the world hated the disciples because of it, and they hated the Son of God because of it, and they crucified Him. They hated the disciples because of it, and they put them to death. That is why they hate you, for the same

reason, that is those that do hate you, those that have exercised their power, their will and their thoughts or minds sufficiently to be imbued with the spirit of persecution and hatred against the light and the truth. What else did Joseph reveal, or did the Lord, rather, reveal through him? He revealed the identical Gospel precept for precept, principle for principle, doctrine for doctrine, ordinance for ordinance, the exact Gospel of Jesus Christ that He taught Himself, and in no way did Joseph Smith vary in the least degree from the doctrines taught by the Son of God, even to the doctrine in which the Lord Himself declared that if the Jews who were finding fault with him were the seed of Abraham, they would do the works of Abraham. So that I stand here without any fear of rational or reasonable or justifiable contradiction, to say that the Prophet Joseph Smith revealed no principle to man, that was not taught, believed in, accepted and approved by the Son of God when He was on the earth, not one thing, and we can prove it—prove it by Scriptures, and from history. But we need not enter into that. What did he reveal? He revealed the Father and Son, and the Holy Ghost which is a personage of spirit, and not a personage of flesh and bone as God is, and as Jesus is. He revealed the doctrine that you must believe in God, that you must believe in Jesus Christ, and in his power of redemption; that you must believe and, believing, you must repent of your sins, Now, that is a terrible crime in the eyes of some people, to be required to repent of their sins. If some men in the world, that have taken up arms against the Latter-day Saints, were to repent of their sins, God knows there would be nothing left of them. (Laughter). Consequently it is an awful crime to ask men to repent of their sins, but that is what the Lord taught through Joseph Smith; repentance of sin, then baptism by immersion with Christ, being buried with Him in the water, in the liquid grave, and coming forth again out of the liquid grave in likeness of His resurrection from death to life, baptism by immersion, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands; these are necessary for the salvation of the children of men. Joseph taught this. Who else taught it? Jesus taught it. Paul taught it. Peter taught it. James taught it. John taught it. Mathew and Luke and all the Apostles anciently taught this same doctrine, and left their testimony on record, and it has been handed down to all subsequent generations to the present and we have it to look at today. But some people

think it is a crime, for Latter-day Saints to hold to such doctrines as these now, in these latter days. They say it is presumption and assumption for man to say he possesses authority to baptize for the remission of sins, and to confer the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. It was not an assumption in the days of Christ, nor was it a presumption on their part. Authority was given them, and they were sent out in the world to preach these doctrines, and baptize those who would believe; and those who should believe and should be baptized should be saved, as the Apostles have said. And yet Christ Himself has said, "And they that believe not shall be damned." That was His word; that was His decree and His law, and who will question the right of the Redeemer of men to say the way in which they shall be saved, and the way in which they cannot be saved? Who shall question His right to say that? Joseph repeated it. We believe it; we have accepted it, and in this respect we differ from the generality of mankind, and they are wroth about it, angry about it.

(To be concluded in next number.)

War Between Italy and Turkey was precipitated on September 28, by Italy delivering to the Porte an ultimatum, announcing its intention of occupying Tripoli and Cyrene, in Northern Africa, and demanding within twenty-four hours a reply indicating compliance. Italy gives as a reason for the war that Turkey had permitted a state of disorder in Tripoli and Cyrene which necessitated the action, because these regions "should be admitted to the benefits of the progress realized by other parts of the Mediterranean and Africa." For a long series of years, furthermore, Italy has called Turkey's attention to the absolute need of correcting the state of disorder. The moderation and patience of Italy has been sorely tried, and its view badly received by Turkey. The Italians, it is furthermore, charged, have been systematically opposed and unjustifiably crushed by the Turkish government; and so, "to protect its interests and its dignity," the Italian government decided to proceed to the military occupation of Tripoli and Cyrene. The Turkish government replied that the conditions in Tripoli were absolutely normal and that the Italian subjects were amply protected, and that Italian interests were in no danger. Any cause for complaint would be immediately investigated and remedied. The hope was expressed that Italy would desist from the proposed action. The government also sent a protest to the Powers which, however, declined to intervene. On September 29, a formal declaration of war was presented by Italy, whereupon the Duke of Abruzzi, in command of a torpedo squadron of the harbor of Prevesa, near the Greek boundary, attacked Turkish gun boats, and the war began. Italy invaded and took Tripoli by a powerful fleet of battleships within five hours after the declaration was sent by wireless, by the Italian minister of Marine, to the commander of the blockading squadron off Tripoli.

Editor's Table

John Henry Smith

To the passing of John Henry Smith, pioneer, faithful Churchman, loyal citizen, and big-hearted friend, applies with force the biblical expression: "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." From the day of his birth, when his people were migrating through force of circumstance to the unbroken valleys of the mountains, to the end of his days, he was a cheerful pioneer and builder. His life was free and open as the plains, his character as staunch as the everlasting hills.

In his constant labors for the Church, and in his untiring efforts for the establishment of the gospel of Jesus Christ, through the organizations of the Church, and in the clean, sweet life he lived, he daily and diligently added to his faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. And so he grew and was fruitful in the cause of God upon the earth, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ whose devoted servant he was—a valiant chieftain, a zealous, noble worker for the Cross. He was pre-eminently a lover of mankind, and with cheer and energy devoted his strength to their uplifting, and to the amelioration of the race—for that is the primary purpose of the Church of Christ, in which he was a faithful member and a beloved leader.

Through his father, George Albert Smith, and a long line of patriot kinsmen, he inherited a strong love of country, which made him a loyal and upright citizen. He was the embodiment of those great, noble and broad-minded principles that teach men to freely tolerate the views of others, giving to them the right of freedom of conscience, and interfering with no man's religious views or worship;—principles that make men willing to grant liberty generously to all. John Henry loved the constitution and laws of his country, and was loyal to the core. He taught respect for our flag and institutions, and honored our nation's heroes and statesmen. He glorified the dead, and prayed for the living.

His broad spirit of tolerance enabled him to hold factions together for the good of his state and people, even when bitter disputes threatened to disrupt. And what he did with his own, he was admirably qualified to accomplish with strangers, and so in his activities he allayed prejudice against Utah and her people wherever he journeyed throughout the land, or associated with leaders of men in congresses and conventions.

His masterly eloquence and convincing speech made friends everywhere, because there were no stings to bruise—only tolerance, truth and brotherly kindness, to win the heart. He not only went about doing good, but he saw and sought good in all men, and found it; and they in turn respected his sterling manhood, and loved him and his people for his love of them. His name is known for good from one end of the land to the other—and with the Latter-day Saints is a household word. It is said that he loves God most who serves mankind the best. Judged by this standard, John Henry Smith was a true lover of God, for he was a friend and lover of all men.

Straightforward in his actions, guilty of no double dealing, outspoken, candid, full of cheer and hope, respected and loved by all, hated by none, full of integrity for the truth, and faithful in all things, John Henry Smith has finished his work and passed to his fathers, full of years and honor.

In the great tabernacle, on October 17, the day his body was laid to rest, ten thousand friends, among the hundreds of thousands who mourned his death, paid their tribute of love to him as a man of sterling character, a loyal citizen, a wise counsellor, and a dear, big-hearted friend.

A Word to Ward Teachers.

President Joseph F. Smith, at the third session of the late semi-annual conference, said:

There are just a few words that I desire to say in relation to the subject on which some of the brethren have dwelt this morning, which I have no doubt they perfectly understand, but which, so far as I have heard, they omitted to say, and that is this: that the teachers who visit our homes do not come to visit us as Elders or Seventies or High Priests or Apostles or Presidents. The teachers have jurisdiction over the membership of the Church, or the mem-

bers of the Church, and when they come to visit us in our homes they, in their calling as teachers, visit us as members of the church, and not as officers or members of the Priesthood; consequently it is the duty of all members of the Church, no matter *who* they are, or what priesthood they hold, nor what office they hold in the Church,—it is their duty to disrobe themselves, if you please, of all authority except the right of membership, or to be members in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for it is the duty and prerogative of the teacher to inquire into the standing of members of the Church. Now, if we will only bear that in mind we will have no difficulty at all with reference to our “high and mighty” position in the Church. When the teachers visit us we will remember that we are simply members of the Church, and it is the duty of the teachers to visit the members and to teach the members and to instruct the members of the Church, and to see that the members of the Church have no hard feelings, one against another; that the members of the Church are united in their family capacities, and that they are in fellowship with the people of God, with their neighbors and with all mankind, and especially that they are in fellowship with God. That is the duty of the teacher; and when we keep that in mind, everything respecting the duties and authority of the teachers will be plain and clear to us. I want to say this, too, that if somebody should happen to mount upon the “high horse” of his authority, in the Church, it will be very becoming in the teacher to gently take him off his “high horse,” and bring him down to the level of his membership, and let him understand that he (the teacher) is there to teach him as a member of the Church, and not as an officer of it. The teacher has a right to inquire into the performance of the duties of all members, and learn whether they are doing their duty as members in all things, or not.

Messenger to the Indians.

The following comes addressed to President Joseph F. Smith:

“In the summer of 1876, a personage appeared to the Indians out west of St. George at a place called Duck Creek. This personage told the Indians that he was one of their forefathers and had many things to tell them, as he had lived a long time upon the earth. By this man’s request, runners were sent out to all the nearby bands of Indians to bring them together.

"This personage, whom the Indians described as having a long white beard, and as being dressed in white, remained with them for several months, and during all that time not an Indian was seen along the Virgin river or its tributaries.

"When the Indians returned to their homes, my brother Nephi Johnson and myself Sextus E. Johnson called the Indians together and questioned them about the personage who had appeared to them out west.

"They told us that his name was Nephi, the same as my brother Nephi. He told them that the 'Mormons' were their friends and they must listen to their counsels, and that in time prophets would come among them and lead them to live a better life.

"They asked him how long he had lived upon the earth. He told them, but it was so many moons that they could not enumerate them, but it was many hundred years, in fact far beyond their comprehension.

"President Joseph F. Smith: We are satisfied that this personage spoken of did appear to the Indians out west, and that his name was Nephi, one of the apostles of the Savior whom He chose during his sojourn upon this land.

Nephi and S. E. Johnson.

"Written from memory by S. E. Johnson at Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico. Sept. 11, 1911."

Birthday is Mother's Day.

I recently read the book *THE HAPPY HABIT* by Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the *NATIONAL MAGAZINE*. The chapter "Birthday is Mother's day," I have much pleasure, by the kind permission of Mr. Chapple, in quoting in full for the benefit of ERA readers, hoping it may give them as much pleasure as it gave me:

"It is no idle sentiment that national destiny is today governed by the women in the homes. On my birthday it seems as if I am closer to her who gave me birth than at any other time, and her memory comes like a benediction in the quiet hours of meditation. All day long I seem to feel her hand upon my brow, her gentle eyes looking deep into my soul with a smile which reflects the very sunlight of heaven.

"Inspired with the memory of mothers at home, how can our hearts' ideal falter?

"Looking backward over the years, into the dim past, one day of my childhood stands out somehow beyond all the others. I was playing in the sandpile under the maples, when my mother called me. I toddled toward her, and she clasped me to her breast, saying (how well I remember the words)—'This is your birthday, my boy,—no longer my baby.'

"And I remember the answer I made: 'Why can't I allus be your baby?' Ah! little did I understand!

"The succeeding birthdays we were alone together. Few words sufficed; mother and I did not talk with mere words. * * * She taught me to love the old flag for which her brothershaddied, which was always brought forth to grace my birthday. She taught me to be kind, and to try to live well every day—alas! that far-off Eden!

"Then birthdays came when the serious work of life was taken up. The drives in the prairies of the West whitened with buffalo bones—marked trails of the departed bison—among cooing plovers and nodding wild roses. Here, close to the real vastness of primeval nature, I have communed with my mother and drank deep of the love that no human relationship can supplant. The symphony of bird song and rustling leaves brought the great mysteries of the infinite close to the finite touch. In God's own temple we worshipped, she and I.

"Never have I seen a frown on that sweet face. Awaking from the turbulent delirium of fever, I saw bending over me two tender blue eyes; when I slept again, weak and weary, those wells of tenderness still watched over me. Tears—yes, let the tears come, for they water the fragrant flowers of memory. All I am or can ever hope to be I owe to that dear one. And all our nation is today or will be in the future we shall owe to the mothers.

"Here's a birthday toast: 'God bless and make us ever remember them—the living and the sainted mothers.' "

I fully concur with the author that "It is no idle sentiment that national destiny is today governed by the women in the homes," and firmly believe that by the women of our nation finally will be worked out for the nation's benefit the solution of many of the greatest problems, the greatest of which in my opinion will be the final banishment of the liquor traffic from our great country as complete and perfect as the banishment of the slave traffic. Right here and right now I desire to digress long enough to express my hatred of this traffic in a few of the forceful "hates" from the well-known statements of ex-Governor Hanly of Indiana:

"Personally, I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartaches that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws. I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. * * * I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates

sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

"I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in the republic so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic; the coming of the time, when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath Old Glory's stainless stars."

Again quoting from Mr. Chapple: "Inspired with the memories of mothers at home, how can our hearts' ideal falter?" With how much more force will the son of the noble and true mother be inspired to carry out his noble ideals when that mother who was so near and dear to his heart, and who was the main spring to inspire him with noble thoughts and ideals, has passed from life! When such a mother has gone to a glorious reward, his strongest incentive comes from an intense desire to so live that his every act may meet with the loved one's approval, and also from the undying hope that he can so live that when life's battle is o'er he will be worthy to meet and associate with her throughout the countless ages of eternity. There is not a shadow of doubt on his mind that she has earned her crown and received the right to dwell forever with her Savior. I too can say of my mother with Mr. Chapple of his mother: "She taught me to love the old flag * * * * She taught me to be kind, and to try to live well every day.—Alas! that far off Eden!"—And oh, how I do hope and pray with all the power of my soul for strength to live up to her teachings. Often in public and in private I have acknowledged that all I am or ever hope to be of real and lasting worth in this life, I owe to the teachings and example of my mother. It is a pleasure to repeat and endorse without reservation the closing tribute and splendid toast with which the author ends his chapter: "All that I am or hope to be I owe to that dear one. And all our nation is today or will be in the future we shall owe to the mothers." "Here's a birthday toast: God bless and make us ever remember them—the living and the sainted mothers."

Mr. Chapple's inspiring words brought tears to my eyes, and will no doubt do so to the eyes of others, who, like myself, have been called upon to part with a noble mother. The poem, "To My Son," is a splendid companion piece to "Birthday is Mother's day" and with pleasure I quote it:

TO MY SON.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part,
 That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
 None other can pain me as you, dear, can do,
 None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
 If shadow or stain ever darken your name,
 "Like mother like son" is a saying so true
 The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be your's then the task, if task it should be,
 To force the proud world to do homage to me,
 Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
 She reaped as she sowed. Lo! This is her son.

MARGARET JOHNSTONE GRAFLIN.

If the ability were mine, it would be used to impress, beyond the power of time to efface, upon the heart of every son the fact that he is "fibre and core" of his mother's heart, and to inspire him with all the power and determination of his being to make "the proud world" do homage to her who offered her life as a sacrifice, if need be, on the altar of love, that he might have birth.

HEBER J. GRANT.

A Tribute to John Henry Smith—His Labors in the M. I. A.

At the funeral services of President John Henry Smith, Elder Heber J. Grant paid this tribute to him, in connection with his labors in the M. I. A:

Elder John Henry Smith's official connection with the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations dated back almost to the commencement of the organization in June, 1875. He had been called home from his European mission, in the following August, on account of the serious illness of his father, Pres. Geo. A. Smith, arriving in time to spend about two weeks at his bedside before he died on September 1st.

John Henry attended a few of the meetings that were being held to organize the associations that fall, and on the 6th of November, 1875, received a letter of appointment, in connection with Elders Milton H. Hardy and B. Morris Young, from the First Presidency of the Church, "to take up and continue the work of

organizing the associations throughout the Church," which had been begun by Elder Junius F. Wells, who had, a few days before, started upon a mission to the middle and eastern states.

During the winter of 1875-6 Elders Smith, Hardy and Young were very active, visiting and holding meetings in a good many places in the territory. They reported the result of their labors at the first conference of the associations, held in the Old Tabernacle, April 8, 1876. There had been organized up to that time fifty-three associations, with about 1,200 members. Some time before this conference Elder Smith was called to be bishop of the 17th ward, November 22, 1875, holding that office until he was ordained to the apostleship, October 27, 1880.

The duties of these offices in the Priesthood occupied the greater part of his time, the burden of the work among the young men falling upon other shoulders. He, nevertheless, was always interested in the associations, and when the General Superintendency was sustained, in June, 1897, and a General Board of Aids or Assistants was appointed, he was chosen to be one of these; and in this position continued, officially and actively, to labor for the welfare of the organization until his death. In his public ministry, visiting the conferences and missions of the Church, at which meetings for the young people were arranged, he would be sure to attend such meetings; and his discourses to the young were always inspired with interest and love for them, and were inspiring and encouraging to them, to be true to their birthright in the Church and loyal to their country.

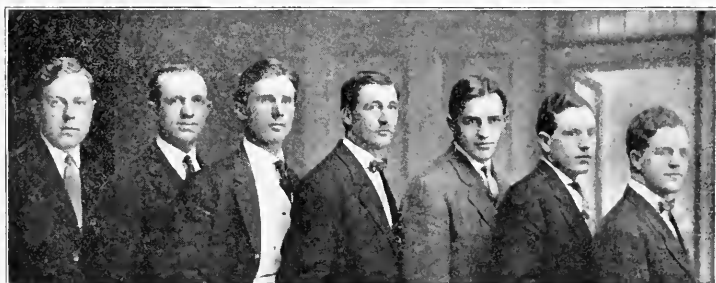
In the meetings of the General Board, of which he was always a faithful attendant when possible, his counsel was for the wise and prudent and patriotic course—always evincing great concern for preserving the young men of the community in purity of thought and conduct. His pride and ambition was to have them worthy of the companionship of pure women, and willing to be the protectors of such. He advocated early marriage among them, and the assumption by every young man of the duties and responsibilities of the head of a family. He believed that such men made the best citizens of the Republic, and he was tireless in urging young men to become good citizens—to be lovers of their country, defenders of the constitution, loyal to the flag.

He advocated and practiced the advice of the Prophet Joseph, given to his father—"Preach short sermons, and make short

prayers; and deliver your sermons with a prayerful heart."

In his passing out of this life, the young men of Zion, and, for that matter, the young men of all the world, lose an exemplar and loving advocate of what a young man should be. Every young man who needs a friend has lost one in his death; but they have the memory of one true and faithful, and in every way worthy of praise and emulation, so long as they remember the life and character of John Henry Smith.

Messages from the Missions.



SHEFFIELD CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

A. Laverne Riggs, writing from Sheffield, England, August 10, says that recent agitation has caused the people to study both sides of the "Mormon" question. It is then easy for them to attack the frail arguments put up by the agitators. Many people are seeking after the truth and the elders are making many friends. Once they become interested, they investigate thoroughly, and many of them become converts and defend the people who are maligned. The group of elders herewith are all from Cache Valley, and had the pleasure of spending the 24th of July together in fond remembrance of the pioneers of 1847. Their names are left to right: J. R. Anderson, A. Laverne Riggs, Edwin Clawson, Benjamin Layton, Pred C. Parker, Arthur Kidman and Heber C. Cooper.

Elder J. G. Gubler, Portland, Maine, July 5, says: "Two years since, the Maine Conference was organized under the direction of William H. Steed, of Cardston, Canada. The people were very bitter against us, and prejudice prevailed throughout the whole conference. So many ridiculous stories and falsehoods had been told that many of the real New Englanders really thought the 'Mormons' nothing but a band of half-breed Indians and outlaws. In the past two years there has been a wonderful change in sentiment, through the earnest efforts of the elders. Much of

the prejudice is eradicated, and we find many on every hand willing and often eager to listen to our testimonies of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ." At a recent conference which the elders held, five persons were baptized. The elders' circle of friends is large, and they hope for more converts soon to apply for baptism. The elders aim first to gain the good will and confidence of the people, when it becomes easy to preach the gospel. Many people are hungering for the truth, and the surprise of these people is that the elders have just what they have been looking for. It has been a source of great comfort to the elders to know that several of the early leaders of the Church came from the New England section, and that there are undoubtedly many more who would be as faithful, true and great as these were; and the elders hope that the light will come to them through their humble efforts.



Elder George F. Johnson writes from Toronto, Canada, September 3, stating that the elders assigned to labor in Toronto have taken great pleasure in the street meetings which they have held. They have borne testimonies to many people, and distributed a great deal of literature. The people there are religiously inclined and hence more easily approached than most people in the larger cities of the states. Of late they have been laboring in

the country districts in Toronto. "We realize that the harvest is great but the laborers are few, and we desire to proclaim the gospel, and feel that the arm of the Almighty is at the helm, so that this work cannot fail. We pray the Lord to enable us to prove worthy of the name we bear." The names of the elders are, back row: Thomas C. Blackburn, Blackfoot, Idaho; Ira B. Cannon, Salt Lake City; George F. Johnson, Fountain Green, Utah; Ira Parnell Hinckley, Salt Lake City.

Elder John W. Arrington writing from Onvit, Louisiana, July 25, reports that the Louisiana Conference is prospering. "'Mormonism' is appealing to the honest people who think for themselves. They see in it the true way to life eternal, and that it is the power of God unto salvation, regardless of the slanders hurled at us through the different periodicals. Thinking people realize that there are two sides to a question, and many tell us that they do not believe all that is published against us; but there are others who are not willing to believe anything but evil about us."

Elder J. Earl Ballantyne, writing from Tillset, Germany, gives an account of a visit with his father and mother to the birthplace of Elder Karl G. Maeser of which the ERA printed a portrait in the last issue. The address of the building is Zecherlaer Strasse 16, Meissen, Sax-
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ony. Elder Maeser was born January 16, 1828. In his town the famous Dresden China is made. Elder Ballantyne visited the porcelain factory before hunting up the birthplace of Elder Maeser. The house is a typical middle-German one, and is occupied by a family named Lehmann. Several of the old residents, however, remember the Maeser family. "Just as we were taking a picture, a pair of the children of the place came up with their 'horses' and wagon. Dogs are used in this way very much in Germany, and it is no easy life for them. Prussia is perhaps not the most desirable place in the world to live. One of our branches, Memel is the northernmost city of Germany, and is within a stones' throw of Russia. As a rule the people are poor and ignorant, but as we are working at present among the middle classes, we meet and have some of the finest Saints in the world. I like the country, however, and enjoy the change in climate and scenery. Conditions are very different here than in middle Germany, and in learning to meet the conditions one progresses. I was thirteen months in Hannover, one of the most beautiful cities in Germany."

A. Wilford Nielson, Huntsville, Utah, and Charles C. Sorensen, Ovid, Idaho, write from Mosjoen, Norway, August 18, that they enjoy their

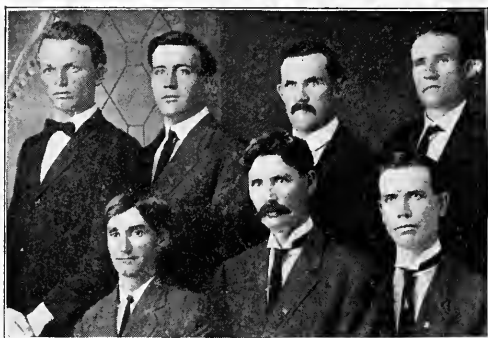
labors in the mission field very much. They have done much country tracting in the scattered district where they labor, and have found it very inconvenient to obtain accommodations. A man by the name of Jansen-Fuhr has been traveling in Scandinavia giving lectures on Utah and the "Mormons" showing pictures of the leaders of the Church and Salt Lake City. Friends who visited the lectures obtained a very different idea of the "Mormons" from the pictures than from the lectures. His pictures showed that the "Mormons" were an intelligent class of people; his lecture, the contrary. He wrote some very untruthful stories in the newspapers, but the editors kindly gave them permission to answer his statements. Since it is against the law to hold meetings on the streets, the elders have not held many meetings during the summer.



A minister named P. Aslev, not unknown in Utah, is succeeding temporarily in giving the missionaries of the Latter-day Saints in the Swedish Mission some trouble. He has dug up some old law and applied it to them, and is sending complaints to the authorities asking that they be exiled from Sweden. Four missionaries laboring in northern Sweden have been banished by the authorities. These are Hyrum E. Hanson, and Gustaf Larsson, from Sundsvall and Hernosand; and Amos C. Nilson Harold H. Cederlund who have been laboring in Ostersund. The cause of their banishment is that they are Americans with no visible means of

support, and that they preach "Mormonism." They all deny having labored to induce natives to emigrate to America, and no such charge is booked against them. Pastor Aslev declares he will continue to complain until the elders are all exiled.

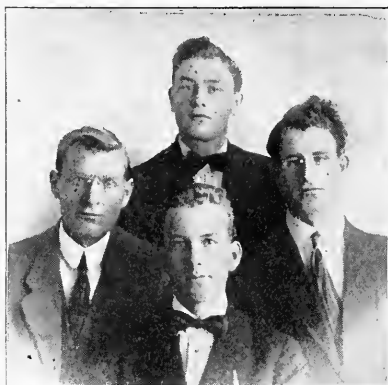
Pres. J. T. Simkins, of the South Texas Conference, writes that the missionary work is progressing in that part of the country. The elders



are laboring at present in the cities, are enthusiastic in their work, and are placing much literature in the hands of the people which is bringing many to the light of the truth and causing bitterness to cease. The Elders are: front row, left to right: Charles D. Terry, Provo, Utah; John Shurtz, Escalante, Utah; James T. Simkins, Springville, Utah.

back row; F. L. Cheney, Burley, Idaho; Myron Dabbott, Mesquite, Nevada; Elisha Wilbur, Lorenzo, Idaho; William Marsden, Parowan, Utah;

Elder Lester L. Miller and George H. Anderson writes from San Francisco, Cal., that the elders shown herewith recently made a country trip to San Raphael, a small city north of San Francisco. They



made a number of friends but most of the people were very indifferent. "Four churches are within a stone's throw of each other in this city of four thousand inhabitants, but only one was used for regular service. A lady friend informed us that the other three were too poor to hire a regular minister. This seems to us to be in fulfillment of the words of Paul: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, * * * * *

high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away."—2 Tim. 1-5. The elders are: left, Thomas F. Nielson, Ephraim, front, George H. Anderson, Oak City; Utah; right, George W. Gibson Alta, Canada; back, Lester L. Miller, Hyrum, Utah.



L. D. S. CHURCH, FRANKLIN, WEST VA.

Elder L. M. Jensen, president of the North West Virginia Conference, writing from Fairmont, September 12, encloses pictures of the Church,



Saints and friends of Franklin, West Virginia. The elders are proud of their little church, as it is the only one they have in the state of West Virginia. It is a great credit to the Saints of Franklin, and also to the elders who assisted in its erection. The building is 20 by 30 feet and is well finished inside and out. It is neatly painted and seated. They hold a good Sunday School every Sunday with John C. Hartman as superintendent.

Elder Richard T. Astle, Tacoma, Wash., writes: "There are two elders and two lady missionaries laboring in this city. Two Sunday schools and two sacrament meetings are held each Sunday. We have also a Bible class of ten members at Payallup. One boy after attending the Bible class stated that he had learned more in relation to the life of Christ and the Bible from Sister Strong than he had ever before learned in all his life of fifteen years." They have some very faithful Saints and investigators, and many of the latter have expressed themselves that if there is a true church on earth the Latter-day Saints have it. Some time ago the elders

visited the home of J. N. Smith, at one time very intimately connected with the leaders of the Church through the street car and electric light service of Salt Lake City, and also with the wiring of the Temple and Tabernacle, and the organ motor. He bore a strong testimony to the integrity of the Church authorities and entertained the elders royally giving them a hearty invitation to return. Recently a spiritualist preacher visited their fast meeting. He was invited to speak, and said among other things that hypocrites did not follow unpopular religions. He bore testimony to the claims of Joseph Smith relating to the Book of Mormon, and stated that it was impossible to write beyond his time, as the prophet had done, without getting inspiration apart from his own knowledge. A boy of the prophets' age could not write a book of that kind without inspiration. On the 31st of August the elders there had the pleasure of baptising three people, while on the 7th of September seven were led into the



T. Hislop, West Weber; Mattie Strong, Alpine, Utah; Richard T. Astle, Afton Wyoming, Janet Bullock, Pleasant Grove, Utah.



T. F. McDonald, Murray; P. J. Welch, Paradise; H. L. Pierson, Plymouth, Utah; front: H. Fred Egan Jr., Salt Lake City.

waters of baptism, making ten in that one week. At the confirmation meeting, President Melvin J. Ballard was present and addressed the people on the duties of the saints. Meetings are well attended by investigators who have had their interest awakened by street meetings which have been held. Left to right: John

Elder H. Fred Egan, Jr., writing from County Armagh, Ireland, August 13. relates that in spite of opposition and slanders recently published in the newspapers and magazines, many people are becoming more desirous of learning more about "Mormonism." "We have just enough opposition in our street meetings to make the listeners interested, and we often find many of the genuine Irish who love fair play. In our country tracting, we find the Irish a very hospitable and warm-hearted people. We are enjoying our work very much. The elders laboring in County Armagh are, back row, left to right:

President Andrew Jenson, of the Scandinavian Mission, returned to Copenhagen from a trip to Iceland, August 29. He went there having

in view preparations for the further introduction of missionary work in that country. Elder Alma Peterson accompanied him. They left Denmark on August 6, going via Scotland and the Faroe Islands. Hon. Jacob Apples, Minister of Education of Denmark, was a passenger on the ship, and President Jenson took the opportunity of forming his acquaintance, and having several interviews with him in relation to the position of the government to the "Mormons," and also concerning the campaign of the anti-"Mormons" Freece and Thoreson. Mr. Apples though not expressing any special favor towards the Latter-day Saints was friendly, showing neither antipathy nor bitterness towards them or their religion. On the 11th they reached Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. Here, on the 18th of August Elder Jenson held an illustrated lecture in one of the large meeting houses. A priesthood and sacrament meeting was also held with two of the missionaries now laboring in that land, Elders Jacob B. Johnson and Haldor Johnson, and the only two members of the Church now abiding in Reykjavik in attendance. On the whole island there are only 26 members of the Church. These are scattered in many different places. On returning to Denmark, Elder Jenson held an illustrated lecture on board ship, on "Utah and her People," which an interested number of people, officers and passengers attended. Elder Jenson declares that this journey to Iceland was one of the most romantic and interesting of his many missionary trips.



Elder Walter Rawlins, Jr. states in a letter to the ERA, dated September 8, that the elders herewith have just completed forty-three open air meetings during the month of August, in and near the city of Derby, in the Nottingham Conference, England. They enjoyed the work

greatly and met good success. The names left to right are: John W. Haslam, Salt Lake City; Walter Rawlins, Jr., Fairview, Idaho; Lawrence M. Brown, Cardston, Canada; Frederick C. Clark, Alpine, Utah, branch president.

Elder Ernest W. Irwin writes from Laketown, Utah, October 3 ordering five yearly subscriptions for the ERA, volume 15, to be sent to as many of his friends in the mission field, in Michigan. He says: "While I was in the mission field, I found the ERA to be such a friend-maker that I feel well able and pleased to send these my friends the ERA, and trust to its valuable contents in doing good, for my recompense. We hope also to send you a goodly number of renewals, with as many new subscribers as we can obtain in our ward."

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Important Report of the Priesthood Committee—In a report dated Salt Lake City, Oct. 6, 1911, and which was read at the priesthood meeting at the general semi-annual conference, the needs and importance of the quorums are set forth:

To the officers, teachers, and members of the Quorums of Priesthood in the Church. **DEAR BRETHREN:**—In a revelation on Priesthood, given through Joseph the Prophet, at Kirtland, Ohio, 1835, the following admonition is found:

Wherefore now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence.

He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved, shall not be counted worthy to stand.

The two principal elements of these summarizing paragraphs are, first: The learning of one's duty; second: The faithful performance of duty.

These two purposes should ever be kept in mind by priesthood quorums. Indeed, men who hold the authority of the priesthood are united in quorums to the end that individuals may learn why the priesthood was given them, what it comprehends, and how the power they hold may be best exercised in establishing truth and righteousness among men.

The priesthood meetings, Monday nights, are only a means to this end. They are supposed to be favorable opportunities for receiving increased knowledge of the gospel; of learning one's duty, and of receiving special appointments for labor during the week.

Now, upon whom does the responsibility of giving this instruction depend? Plainly, upon the presiding authority of each quorum; for the Lord has specifically stated that the duty of officers is to sit in council with the members of their quorum, and to teach them according to the covenants. In many cases, the presidents of quorums, and stake or ward authorities, have appointed special instructors; indeed, this is a necessity where quorums are divided into several classes, as many of them are. Thus the direct responsibility of teaching devolves upon (1st) the officers of the quorum, and (2nd) upon class instructors. Upon the efficiency of these brethren as leaders and teachers depends the success of quorum work. If these men be careless in their habits, neglectful of their prayers, indolent in their study of the gospel, unheeding of the need of the guiding influence of the Holy Spirit, their success in their classes and quorums is impossible.

PREPARATION OF INSTRUCTORS. It is, therefore, urged as the present greatest need in the Priesthood movement that the best judgment be exercised in the appointing of class instructors, and that some provision be made in each stake whereby these teachers may themselves be taught. In several of the leading stakes, such provision is made at the regular monthly priesthood meeting. Here every officer and class instructor, and

as many members as can possibly attend, are expected to be present. After general opening exercises and instructions from the stake authorities, the officers of each quorum then devoted an hour or so to special consideration of its outlines, lessons and duties. In this way the leaders in the various quorums receive renewed encouragement and additional inspiration in their work, and by subsequent study and necessary application, they meet their classes full of the true spirit of the lesson; and members of the class are led to drink, not at a stagnant pool, but at a clear, sparkling fountain of truth.

MEMBERS AS TEACHERS. This thorough preparation of officers and instructors, by study and also by faith, is emphasized as the first necessary condition leading to the awakening of interest and a desire to study on the part of quorum members. Certain it is that not only officers and instructors are to learn their duty and to act in all diligence in the performance of it, but every man in the quorum as well; and to this end all stake and ward authorities are urged, first, to teach the instructors how to teach; and second, having led quorum members to learn what their duty is, to make intelligent assignments that each member may exercise his priesthood effectively among the saints whom he may be called to teach. Thus, every man who holds the Priesthood becomes a teacher as the Lord intends he should be.

WARD TEACHERS. In this connection, the duty of the ward teacher should be considered one of the most important callings in the Church. He who labors in this capacity is never free from the responsibility of teacher. His duty is not wholly performed when he visits the homes in his district once a month; but, as the Lord says, in Doc. and Cov. section 20, he is to watch over the Church always, to be with and strengthen them. In this constant care and supervision the ward teacher encourages each individual member of the Church to perform his duties faithfully, whether that duty be preparation of lessons, payment of tithing, observing the Word of Wisdom, keeping holy the Sabbath day, living at peace with his neighbors, or attendance at sacrament meetings. In illustration of this point, the following incident may be cited:

In a ward fast meeting held not long ago, a brother in giving his testimony quoted impressively from the Book of Mormon; following him a ward teacher arose and prefaced his remarks by expressing his gratification at seeing so many of the members of his district present, and then added, "I wish to call your attention again to the quotation given from the Book of Mormon by Brother —— I suggest that you read the entire chapter, and we will talk about it when I visit this month."

Here was a teacher who made the Saints feel that he was interested in their welfare, whose actions proved to them that he was watching over them always, that he was ever ready to be with and to strengthen them. If every ward teacher would attend sacrament meetings, note those present from his district, as well as those who are absent, and at the first opportunity commend the former, and extend a kind invitation to the latter, the attendance at our sacrament meetings would be materially increased.

In this connection, it is urged that bishops hold, regularly, the ward monthly priesthood meetings, at which teachers may report their labors and receive instructions from the presiding authority in the ward. There is not time for this work at a regular Monday night Priesthood meeting, unless class work be dispensed with. It is necessary, therefore, to set this monthly meeting at another time, most convenient for all interested.

SUMMER WORK. Recent inquiry of stake presidencies made known the fact that reports from 36 stakes showed that 40 % of the wards had continued Priesthood meetings through the summer, some on Monday night, and others at an hour on Sunday that did not interfere with Sunday school, Sacrament meeting or other established meetings. Some of these wards, we know, have had difficulty in doing satisfactory work, but others have been exceptionally successful. On the whole, success in Priesthood work is much more promising than discouraging. The present urgent needs are first, a keener realization of the importance of quorum influence; second, officers filled with the spirit of their calling; third, intelligent, inspirational class instructors; fourth, active membership, fostering the true spirit of the brotherhood of Christ, and fifth, active supervision by the Stake Presidencies, High Councils and Bishops.

NEW OUTLINES. The third series of outlines will be ready for distribution early in December, in time for explanation and assignments to be made at the December monthly Stake Priesthood meeting. It is suggested that orders be sent to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, so that the books may reach the various stakes before the last Priesthood meeting held this year. If this be done, all ward meetings may be prepared to commence the new course of study on the second Monday in January, 1912.

The course of study for each quorum is as follows: High Priests, Principles of the Gospel; Seventies, The Atonement, (until Oct. 1912); Elders, The Articles of Faith Applied; Priests, Church Government; Teachers, The Apostolic Age; Deacons, The Latter-day Prophet.

Ever praying for the success of those chosen to carry on the work of redeeming the world, we are,

Respectfully your brethren,

The Priesthood Committee,

By DAVID O. MCKAY, Chairman.

DAVID A. SMITH, Secretary.

May Bain Murdock, born October 5, 1833, in Dundee, Scotland, died in Beaver, Utah, October 3, 1911. She joined the Church in 1849, crossed the plains in the handcart company of Capt. J. G. Willie, in 1856, leaving Iowa in July and arriving in Salt Lake in November. She married John R. Murdock soon after her arrival, and has lived in Beaver since 1865. In all her hardships she was cheerful and full of hope and trust.

Mutual Work

Leaders in Athletics and Field Sports.

Salt Lake City, Utah. Oct. 11, 1911.

To the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.,

DEAR BRETHREN:—It is apparent that one of the most urgent needs of our M. I. A. work is leaders, trained in athletics and field sports. This line of work under proper supervision would become a great moral factor in our community, and would result in helping many young men to nobler and better lives, but without proper guidance and trained leadership, it may become more harmful than helpful.

To meet this situation the Deseret Gymnasium has offered to give a brief Normal Course, consisting of 100 lessons as follows:

Anthropometry, 10 lessons; administration and methods, 10 lessons; gymnastic dancing, 20 lessons; Calisthenics and marching, 20 lessons; gymnastics and games, 20 lessons; athletics, basket ball, base ball, volley ball and tennis, 20 lessons.

The students would have five recitation periods daily, and clinical work could be done in our general classes in the Gymnasium. Special lectures and round-table discussions would also be arranged. A fee of five dollars would be charged each student for this course.

Your committee are of the opinion that if proper men be selected to take this work, it will greatly promote rational sports and physical training in the wards and stakes of Zion. They therefore respectfully submit the following recommendations:

First. That each ward be asked to send one or more representatives to this class, and that each stake be asked to send at least one representative to take this work.

Second. That the course be given during the months from November 20 to December 20, and from January 20 to February 20, and that in stakes and wards where suitable volunteers are not available, good capable men should be called by the local authorities to come and take the course recommended.

L. R. Martineau, Chariman, Hyrum M. Smith, B. F. Grant, Oscar A. Kirkham, B. S. Hinckley.

Committee on Athletics, Field Sports, Outdoor Activities and Employment.

We approve of this report, and recommend that it be carried out by the authorities of the wards and stakes.

Joseph F. Smith,

Heber J. Grant,

B. H. Roberts, Superintendent and the
General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Checking up the Work,

The duty of a stake superintendent of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association to his ward officers is to instruct, direct, and

correct them, and then to expect results by checking them up in their work. This he can do best by meeting with them regularly, in monthly gatherings; hence the necessity of regular monthly officers' meetings which are often held on Priesthood day so as to give the officers an opportunity both to attend Priesthood meeting and to attend to their Mutual Improvement Association instruction meeting. In giving reports and instructions, the subject matter should answer these questions: (1) What is being done? (2) What is undone that should be done? (3) Tell how to do it.

Some matters that need immediate attention are the distribution of the manuals, the canvass of the ward for the ERA, the arrangements for collecting the M. I. A. fund. It is presumed that preparations already have been made for class-work, conjoint programs, missionary work, debates, readings, preliminary programs, and other activities. But is it well to ask the officers the second question, in your November monthly meeting, on these subjects.

New Members of the General Board.

On August 30, 1911, Elder Nephi Anderson, well-known to our readers as a frequent contributor to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, a writer of books and stories, and associate editor of the UTAH GENOALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, was sustained as a member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. His experience in this work, as superintendent of the Box Elder Stake for a number of years, and his constant labors in the cause, will make him a valuable member, and will add to the efficiency of the labors of the General Board in the various stakes of Zion.

On September, 20, Elder John H. Taylor was sustained as a member of the General Board. Elder Taylor is a young man of experience in Mutual work, and particularly interested in athletics and field sports. He is a member of the Athletic Committee, and will pay especial attention to the introduction of activities pertaining to this committee among the junior members of the associations throughout the Church. We bespeak for these brethren—new in the Board—the good will and assistance of the officers of the associations throughout the Church.

Winfield Scott Schley, retired, rear-admiral of the United States Navy, and hero of the battle of Santiago de Cuba, in which Cervera's Spanish fleet was wiped out, July 3, 1898, died in New York, October 2, 1911, of apoplexy. He was born in Frederick City, Maryland, October 9, 1839. He was in all the naval engagements, March 16 to July 9, 1863; and was in command of the Greeley relief ships, Thetis, Bear and Alert, in 1884, returning August 1 to Portsmouth, N. H., having found Greeley at Cape Sabine, June 24. He was made rear-admiral, August 10, 1898. On visiting Utah, that year he was the object of continued ovation, and addressed the people in the leading cities.



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